Post Daily, August 31, 1940 — Registered at the G.P.O. as a Newspaper. — Postage in U.K. at Ordinary Rate

JOHN BULL

VOL. XCII. NO. 2417. SATURDAY, AUGUST 31, 1940. TWOPENCE.

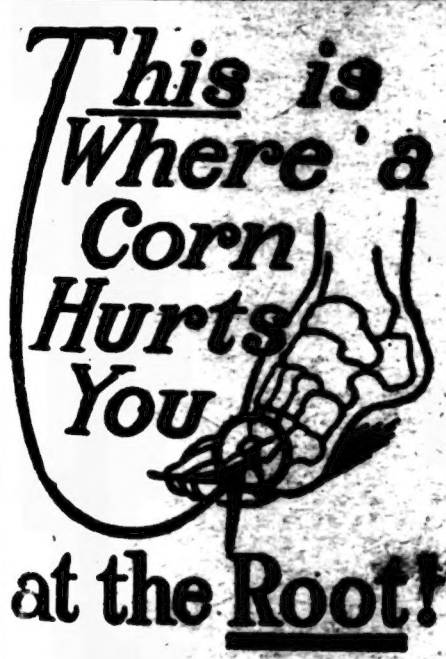
Have YOU Registered Yet?

Edited by CHARLES PILLEY

1,191 INSURANCE CLAIMS PAID

The Housing Hoax

by A. G. Gardiner



at the Root!

Cutting the top of a corn off with a razor or burning it off with caustic lotions, plasters, etc., doesn't do any good. It may do great harm by causing infection or even blood poisoning. A good handful of Reudel Bath Saltrates dissolved in a gallon or so of hot water will soften corns and callouses, like water softens soap.

CORNS, ACHES, SWELLINGS, TENDERNESS AND OTHER FOOT MISERY EASY TO GET RID OF NOW

At last! Take corns out, not merely off, without plasters, dangerous cutting, or caustic liquids, says C. S. TURNER, formerly of the R.A.M.C.

Perhaps you have invited blood poison by hacking the top of that corn with a razor, or burnt it off with caustic paste, liquids or plasters, soaked it in hot water, picked dubiously at it with your finger nails and sprinkled it with various powders to stop the aching. After doing all this and waiting patiently for results, you either find that most of the corn has stayed right on duty through it all, or else a brand new top has sprouted up to replace the old one and the ache is still doing business at the old stand, worse than ever, and plus considerable extra soreness of raw skin around the corn. This is because you have only worried and irritated the top of the corn without at all affecting the little pointed part or core which is the real business end that causes all the pain by pressing on sensitive nerves. It would be as logical to cut the top off an aching tooth to stop the pain. It is only after all these time-wasting experiments with a corn, unpleasant as they are, that you are really ready to appreciate the marvellous way in which saltrated water acts and how totally different it is from anything else. It soon dissolves out the oil from dead, hardened, calloused, "corny" skin, leaving it soft and "mushy" as fresh putty, so that corns can easily be picked right out, root and all, whereas callouses turn white, curl up at the edges and come entirely off at one scrape with the dull edge of a knife. Sound healthy skin is not affected in any way by the water, excepting that it is wonderfully refreshing to sore, tired, tender, aching feet. To prepare the *medicated* water, which is also *oxygenated*, invest a few pence in a supply of the Reudel Bath Saltrates compound which is obtainable from any chemist, this being the registered name by which physicians and chiropodists prescribe it. Use about a tablespoonful to a gallon of rather hot water and rest the feet in this, but first bid all your foot misery a final farewell, for such tortures will soon be only unpleasant memories of the past.

Chas: S. Turner

HOVERING over every home is the ever present menace of Fire. In spite of all your care there may come a day when Fire will get your most cherished possessions within its grasp. Why run the risk when "JOHN BULL" insures you free? Delays are dangerous. Fill up the forms below now.

What JOHN BULL Pays

Household Benefits.

£300—damage by fire.
£600—death of husband and wife due to fire.
£300—in case of death of one under similar circumstances.
£250 or **£125**—in respect of each for loss of one limb or eye under similar circumstances.
£100—damage by explosion of gas or domestic boilers.
£100—damage by hot-water pipes or heating apparatus.
£300—damage by aeroplanes, airships, or other aerial craft.
£300—damage by riots and civil commotion.
£100—damage by storm, tempest or flood.
£100—damage by lightning, thunderbolt, or earthquake.
£1,000—in case of death of husband and wife by violence caused by burglars or housebreakers.
£500—if one is killed under similar circumstances.
£500 or **£250**—in respect of each for loss of one limb or eye, under similar circumstances.
£10—Medical Fees.
£6 per week for both or £3 per week for either up to 6 weeks, for disablement caused by burglars, housebreakers, or fire.
£2 per week maximum rent during reinstatement (not exceeding 26 weeks).

Accidents in Home, Garden, Hotel or Boarding House.

£250—loss of life.
£250—loss of two limbs or both eyes, or one limb and one eye.
£125—loss of one limb or one eye.
£3 per week up to four weeks for disablement by fracture.
£1 per week (after the first week) up to four weeks for ALL ACCIDENTS.

You can post your Coupon for ½d., now. Sign to-day!

CUT HERE

J.B. 26.8.22. POST THIS COUPON TO "JOHN BULL,"
To "John Bull" Registration Department, Long Acre, London, W.C. 2.
I have sent an order form to my newsagent for the regular weekly delivery of "John Bull." Please register me as a regular reader.

Reader's Name .....
(IN CAPITAL LETTERS.)

Address .....

.....

Name and Address of Newsagent.....

.....

Use ½d. Stamp. Don't seal envelope. Date.....A full Policy certifying registration will be sent upon receipt of a stamped addressed envelope bearing ½d. stamp.

CUT HERE

J.B. 26.8.22. HAND THIS COUPON TO YOUR NEWSAGENT

To (Name of Newsagent) .....

Address .....

.....

Please deliver or reserve JOHN BULL for me weekly until further notice.

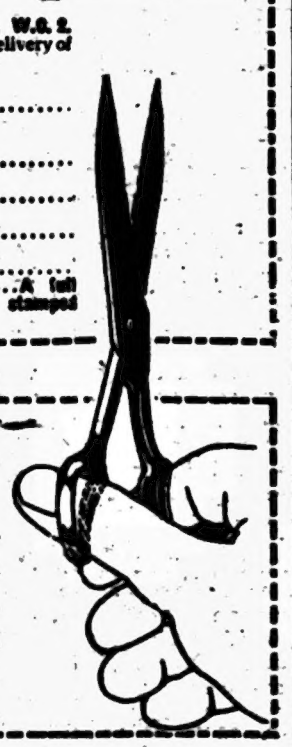
Signature .....

Address .....

.....

PLEASE WRITE CLEARLY

Date.....



1,191 Claims Paid

JOHN BULL

Greatest FREE Home Insurance

50 More Claims Paid This Week!

WHEN you consider that by registering for the Greatest Free Home Insurance in the World, you can claim not only against fire, flood and other elements, but also against the hundred and one minor accidents that are happening in homes daily, it is small wonder that long lists of claims continue to roll in week by week. "John Bull" Benefits are REAL, not imaginary ones. Already over 1,100 readers have benefited. If you have not yet registered sign the forms on this page now.

FIRE

DONEGAL.—T. V. LORD, Quay Street. Damage to Clothing.
SWANSEA.—A. JONES, 92, St. Helen's Road. Damage to Household Effects.
MANOR PARK, E.—Mrs. M. TUBBS, 389, Sherrards Road. Damage to Clothing.
LETCHWORTH.—G. J. BAKER, 212, Rushley Mead. Damage to Furnishings.
FELIXSTOWE.—W. BELL MURRAY, Rosherville, Holland Road. Damage to Furnishings.
EDINBURGH.—Mrs. RITCHIE, 46, Brunswick Street. Damage to Clothing.
WESTMORLAND.—J. TROUGHTON, 2, Plumgarths, Kendal. Damage to Furnishings.
GRAVESEND.—Mrs. MILLER, 3, John Street, Gravesend. Damage to Furnishings.
WALTHAMSTOW, E.—R. W. STEWART, 15, Palmerston Road. Damage to Clothing.

STORM

SWANSEA.—J. HUGHES, Blaen-Orymlyn, Llansamlet. Damage to Furnishings.

HOME ACCIDENTS (£1 per week)

WORMLEY, HERTS.—W. H. DRAPER, 2, Oxford Villas.
NORTHWOOD, MIDDX.—T. J. SAUNDERSON, 36, Church Road.
PATRINGTON, E. YORKS.—T. LAMBERT, High Street House.
HOLGATE, YORK.—Mrs. PARKER, 27, Lindley Street.
E. GRINSTEAD.—Mrs. HARFORD, 2, Copyhold Road, Brooklands Park.
COLCHESTER.—Mrs. S. LERMITTE, Woodhouse, Gt. Horkesley.
MAUCHLINE, AYRSHIRE.—J. DALZIEL, Clelland Park.
SUNDERLAND.—Mrs. HARLOW, 24, Westwood Street.
SOUTHEND-ON-SEA.—A. TAYLOR, 28, St. Ann's Road.
YSTRADGYNLAIS.—Mrs. M. POWELL, 3, Morgan's Bldgs.
MAESTEG, GLAM.—Mrs. S. A. JONES, 28, Exchange Street.
NEW CROSS, S.E.—Mrs. CRAWTHORNE, 62, Dennetts Road.
NOTTINGHAM.—Mrs. FROST, 58, Alfred Street, S.
ABERDEEN.—Mrs. CUNNINGHAM, 50, St Clement Street.
ASHTON-UNDER-LYNE.—Mrs. E. COCKER 163, Dentinck Street.
BRITH.—Mrs. BURRIDGE, 83, Arthur Street.
WHITBY, YORK.—E. LEVITT, 98, Church Street.
HEREFORD.—E. C. TOWNSEND, Winnal Common, Allensmore.
NEW DARTFORD.—Miss E. C. WATSON, 56, New Colney Road.
TOOTING, S.W.—Mrs. JONES, 25, Southcroft Road.
SWANSEA.—Mrs. G. OWENS, 70, Middle Road, Cwmbwla.
MILFORD HAVEN.—Mrs. M. W. SQUIRES, 11, Point Street, Hakin.
SWINDON.—Mrs. A. MILSON, 23, Page Street.
MARDY, GLAM.—S. WARTON, 60, Oxford Street.
PORT TALBOT.—F. H. WESCOTT, 22, East Street, Port Talbot.
CHESTERFIELD.—J. REYNOLDS, 17, Poolsbrook, Staveley.
ST. ALBANS.—Mrs. REDVERS, 28, Kimberley Road, N.
NR. TWYFORD, BERKS.—Mrs. A. E. FRANKLIN, Milby Bridge.
NEWPORT MAYNELL, BUCKS.—Mrs. J. MINNELL, Church Cottage.
BRIGHTON.—Mrs. MECHIN, 10, Cobden Road, Brighton.
WOLVERHAMPTON.—Mrs. M. A. STINTON, 72, Limes Road, Bettenhall.
LIVERPOOL.—Mrs. GREEN, 90, Westbourne Street, Everton.
DERBY.—Mrs. C. W. JACKSON, 68, Warner Street.
COVENTRY.—Mrs. M. R. WESTWOOD, Station House, Arley.
BLYTH.—Mrs. GEEE, 16, Edward Street, Waterloo.
STOCKTON-ON-TEES.—Mrs. BAKER, 14, Londonderry Road.
READING.—Mrs. F. S. BRETT, 95, St Peter's Road.
MOTHERWELL.—Mrs. BOYLE, 4A, North Orchard Street, Ladywell.
LIVERPOOL.—E. HUGHES, 10, Albany Road, Kensington.
NR. CROSS KEYS, MON.—T. J. NICHOLLS, 90, Bwyn Road, Waterville.

SIGN NOW—FORMS ON THIS PAGE

SMALL ADS. WORTH WATCHING

PREPAID RATE: 8s. PER LINE, AVERAGING 6 WORDS.
MINIMUM CHARGE, 24s.
Address: The Advertisement Manager, "JOHN BULL," 57-59, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

FOR SMALL TRADERS, SHOPKEEPERS.

BEST and Cheapest Wholesale Stores for Shopkeepers and Beginners. Remnants, Drapery, Readymades, Travellers' Samples. Catalogue and Guide free.—Cochrane's Warehouse, 1, Victoria Bridge, Manchester. Write to-day.

20/- CAPITAL and your living guaranteed. Write now for free guide of Drapery, Boots, etc.—R. Marks 61 and 63, Houndsditch, E.1.

DRAPERY REMNANTS (Wholesale).—Reduced prices. 21-page Price List free, full of bargains in General Drapery, Pants, Blouses, Overalls, Hosiery, etc. Try a £1 or £2 Blouse Length Parcel for large profits.—Harry H. Clegg (Dept. B.), 96, High Street, Manchester (the English Firm).

MONEY MAKING Bargains for Shopkeepers and Beginners.—Sell manufacturers' clearing lines and travellers' samples in General Drapery much below ordinary price. Big profit certain. Wholesale Catalogue free.—Wolfson's Warehouse, 9, High-street, Manchester.

POSTCARDS, 1922.—Greatest sensation in the postcard trade, best novelty ever invented. Absolutely without competition. Big profits, quick seller. Send 2/6 for sample collection; money refunded if not satisfied.—Ramsey and Wilday, Carlton House, 11, Regent Street, London, S.W.1.

AGENTS WANTED.

XMAS Chocolate Clubs.—Spare-time Agents wanted. Good remuneration. No outlay. Best makes only supplied. Particulars free.—Samuel Driver, South Market, Hunslet Lane, Leeds.

A GOOD SPARE-TIME AGENCY.—Applications invited from respectable working men in regular employment to supply Boots, Clothing, Drapery, Watches, Jewellery, Cutlery, Gramophones, cash or credit. No outlay. Liberal supply of samples. Highest commission.—Freemans, Govt. Contractors, Lavender Hill, London.

BUSINESS OPPORTUNITIES, SERVICES.

DO YOU ADVERTISE?—Your advertisement inserted in 56 provincial Newspapers for 7/10. London and suburban series same price.—Write for prospectus, Central Press (Series Dept. 60), 190, Strand, London, W.C.2. Others from 2/6.

£5 to £10 weekly can easily be earned for a small outlay of 30/-. No previous experience necessary.—Write for particulars to H. Lovaine, (Dept. J.B.), 143, Houndsditch, London.

ADVERTISE NOW.—Two lines (14 words), once, 50 provincial papers, 5/6. List free.—Fuller, Ltd., 1, Southampton Row, W.C.1.

CHEAP PRINTING.—Billheads, from 5/6; 1,000 Memos, 10/-; Handbills 5/6; Samples free.—Winskill, Printer, Burton, Nuneaton.

BUILD up a Mail-Order Business without buying stock. Scheme endorsed by authorities.—Write, Noble Bros., Tavistock Chambers, Nottingham.

PRINTING.—10,000 Handbills at 5/6 per 1,000; Memos, Billheads, Postcards, Duplicate Books, etc. Big range of samples, 2d. postage.—Mead and Son, Room 60, Sandy, Beds.

RETAILERS' BARGAINS.

CYCLISTS!—If you must know the truth about prices write for my BIG FREE GUIDE. Greatest possible value in Cycles, Tyres, and all accessories. Over a hundred thousand SATISFIED and REGULAR customers. Just "Catalogue, Please," on a postcard, and this wonderful book is yours ABSOLUTELY FREE.—H. Fitzpatrick, Dept. 52, Burnley.

WONDERFUL VALUE!—Real Diamond Ring, 18 ct. setting, at half price, 25/-; Gent's Albert, 42/-, worth £3 10s.; Gold Necklet and Pendant, 12/6, worth 21/-. Send order early. Large Catalogue of thousands of bargains, post free.—H. Samuel, Ltd. (Established over half a century), 119, Market Street, Manchester.

AMAZING OFFER.—Gent's Silver Pocket Watches, strong, double-hinged silver cases, keyless, Swiss movements, limited quantity, 21/- each.—F. J. Pettifer, 202, Prescott Street, Birmingham.

CYCLISTS!—The bargains in our monster "Key to Wise Cycling" catalogue will positively amaze you. This veritable "Cyclist's Bradshaw" has no equal for money-saving. 8-guinea Cycles £5 10s. Brand-new Guaranteed Tyres at literally second-hand prices. Lamps, incredibly cheap. Hosts of other eye-openers. Get in the rock-bottom market. Write for this huge bound book NOW. It's quite free.—Address, Moorhouse, Ltd., Dept. 89, Padiham, Burnley.

TOOLS! at genuine Bargain Prices. Send to-day for list No. 22/2, post free.—George Adams, 255/6, High Holborn, London, W.C.1.

SOAP.—Finest Household, in 1-lb. bars, or 16-oz. doublets, carr. pd. 28/- per cwt. Write for price-list of Toilet and Carbolic Soaps. Satisfaction guaranteed.—Wenamaker's, 5, Monument Street, E.C.3.

BABY CARRIAGES direct from factory at half usual prices. Catalogue "B" free from Manufacturer.—Bolton, 390, Kingsland Rd., E.8.

INEXPENSIVE PRESENTS.—Specially designed Picture Postcard Albums for Kinema Stars, beautifully bound, lettered in gold "My Film Favourites." To hold 150 cards, price 1/6; to hold 300, 2/-; all post free.—Pictures Ltd., Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

DRESS.

REAL Harris and Lewis Homespuns, direct from makers; best quality only; patterns free.—Harris Tweed Depot, James Street, Stornoway.

SUIT Lengths and Costume Gabardines. Any length cut. Patts. free.—The Bradford Tweed Co. (Dept. 10), 1, Manchester Road, Bradford.

ALL WOOL Natural Flannel Pyjamas, guaranteed new goods made for British Government Hospitals, all sizes, small, medium and large. 6/11 suit, postage 9d. extra, or 3 suits for 21, post free; worth 21/- per suit. Buy now for the winter.—Francis Dry (Dept. J.B.), 75, Junction Road, London, N.19. Men's Wear Bargain List free on request.

HOSIERY BARGAINS.—Ladies' Black Botany Wool Hose (from factory to wearer), 5 pairs for 6/9, 3 pairs better quality for 10/6, post paid; ribbed feet and ankles; satisfaction assured.—Postal Orders to W. J. Langford and Co., 4 and 5, Noble Street, E.C.2.

SUIT and Costume Lengths. Patts. free. Finest quality and shade.—Norman K. Sykes and Co., Cloth Hall, Street, Huddersfield.

MUSICAL.

MUSIC.—Special advertising offer: 10/- parcel of new Pianoforte Music for 2/6. Money ret. if dissatisfied.—Imperial Mus. Pub. Co., 31, Newman Street, W.1.

ACCORDEONS, Violins, Banjos, Mandolins, Band Instruments. Hld. Catalogue free.—Dowsett, 99, King's Chambs., South Street, E.C.2.

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FISH, straight from sea. Parcels 4/- upwards. Prime quality, cleaned, carriage paid. Fishmongers and Friers supplied.—Pearl Fish Co., Grimsby.

EDUCATIONAL, INSTRUCTION.

WINDOW DRESSING.—A highly-paid, artistic and interesting profession. Postal tuition, low fees. Booklet free.—Dept. 30, Phœnix School of Business, Ltd., 439, Oxford St., W.1.

SKETCHING is joyous and profitable. Send 2 p.c. for my free fully illustrated Prospectus describing Postal Courses specially arranged to meet individual requirements.—Percy V. Bradshaw, Press Art School (Dept. J. B.), Tudor Hall, Forest Hill, S.E.23. (Estab. 16 years ago.)

ABANDON UNEMPLOYMENT, become a qualified Motor Driver. Official Certificate for 3 guineas. Pupils introduced to positions free.—Write or call, Secretary, British School of Motoring, Ltd., 5, Coventry Street, Piccadilly, W.1.

ARE YOU AMBITIOUS? If so, a Metropolitan College postal training will enable you to compel high salaried success. Subjects: Accountancy, Secretaryship, London B. Com. Degree, Banking, Costing and Factory Organisation, Commercial and Company Law, Advertising and Sales Management, Business Organisation, Matriculation and professional Preliminary Examinations. 1,500 successes at professional examinations in 1921. Many intensely practical non-examination courses—moderate fees, by instalments, if desired. "Students' Guide," a handsome volume of 128 pages, free on request.—Metropolitan College, Dept. 31, St. Albans.

MEDICAL, CURATIVE.

THE CURE FOR WORMS.—Be your own doctor. "Artico" Worm Tablets remove the cause, and will positively and permanently cure the worst case. No fasting, dieting, purging. Taken any time. Safe for children, aged, any condition of health. Generous supply, 1/6, post free. Sold under JOHN BULL *Guarantee*. Send to-day.—RIDYARD TABLET CO., Manufacturing Chemists, 34-38, High Street, Codnor, Derbyshire.

SELF-CONSCIOUSNESS, Shyness, Blushing. Send 2d. for interesting book on genuine cure.—Henry Rivers (Desk 34), 40, Lamb's Conduit Street, W.C.

STAMMERING.—I cured myself. You can cure yourself (or your child). Particulars stamp.—Frank Hughes (J.B.), Ltd., 7, Southampton Row, W.C.1.

VARICOSE VEINS, Bad Legs, etc., positively and permanently cured. Wonderful, reliable, entirely new method. Instant relief, quick healing, failure impossible. No drugs, no bandages, no quackery, inexpensive. Astounding success. Call or write for free sample. Sworn testimonials and Booklet "B."—Le Brasseur Surgical Manfg. Co., Ltd. (Dept. N.P.), 26, Sackville Street, Piccadilly, London, W. Head Office: 90, Worcester Street, Birmingham. Manchester Branch: Princes Chambers, 26, Pall Mall.

ENERGOTS BRING HEALTH, clear eyes, faultless complexion, strenuous vitality, strong nerves, perfect digestion, and a happy disposition. One tablet daily. Trial Box (60 tabs), 1/6.—Energot, (Dept. J.B.), 13, Grosvenor Road, London, S.W.1.

HEALTH AND HYGIENE.

HARPIC MAKES W.C. BOWLS A SPOTLESS PRIDE, without labour or danger. Ask your retailer for 6½d. tin, or send his name and address for free sample, to Dept. 146, Harpic Co., Avenue Road, London, S.E.5.

PHOTOGRAPHY

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SPEND YOUR HOLIDAYS with a House Party at Eastbourne; modern house in own grounds; tennis, sport, picnics, bathing; moderate terms. Write for booklet.—Secretary, South Coast, 61, Tennyson Road, Birmingham.

MISCELLANEOUS.

A WONDERFUL OFFER.—For Three Shillings we will send you post free our Bonanza Packet of Sixty Picture Postcards of Kinema Stars, all different, as selected by us. These cards are sold by us singly at a penny each.—Pictures Salon, 88, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

ADD Greatly to Your Income by an Interesting and Remunerative Home Hobby. Either sex. No selling or canvassing. Send stamp for full particulars, testimonials, etc., to H. Stafford, 34, Bath Street, Southport.

GREAT FUN! Intense excitement! Surprise your friends. Startling novelty. 9d., post free.—John Willsher, 25a, Lawrence Avenue, London, E.12.

MOTHERS, bachelors, and bachelor ladies all want "Mend-a-Tear," for it mends tears in a moment, without stitches. Just press with a hot iron. Send 2d. stamp for free sample.—Leicester Rubber Co., Ltd., 23, Granby Mills, Leicester.

WHY PAY RENT?—"Family" 2-roomed caravans on easy deferred payments.—Open-Air Life, Ltd., Molesey, Surrey.

Georges Carpentier in his Barry Blue Serge Suit.

It is Unwise to Choose Your Tailor

SOLELY UPON PRICE. ONE TAILOR MAY BE APPARENTLY 5/- OR 10/- PER SUIT LOWER IN PRICE THAN ANOTHER — ACTUALLY, HOWEVER, HE IS POUNDS DEARER.

THE SUPREME TEST

OUR PATTERNS REVEAL THE HIGH EXCELLENCE OF THE TEXTILES USED IN THE MAKING OF BARRY GARMENTS. THERE IS ALSO SOMETHING MORE TO BE WEIGHED UP. THE ACTUAL TAILORING CRAFTSMANSHIP MUST DO JUSTICE TO THE MATERIALS. THE TRIMMINGS MUST BE CONSISTENTLY GOOD.

Our Unique Guarantee.

THAT THE BARRY SERVICE SAFEGUARDS THAT YOU WILL HAVE COMPLETE AND THOROUGH SATISFACTION IS ATTESTED BY OUR SWEEPING GUARANTEE TO REFUND NOT ONLY THE AMOUNT YOU PAY, BUT 2/6 OVER AND ABOVE, in the event of your not approving your order for any reason whatsoever. The list of testimonials we send you from gratified clients everywhere is positively unmatched by any Tailoring House in the Kingdom for the warmth and sincerity of the expressions of appreciation contained therein.

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The Best	A	A
£3 : 10 : 0 to Measure	£4 : 10 : 0 PURE WOOL SUIT to measure for	£3 : 3 : 0 ALL WOOL SPORTS COAT to measure for
All-Wool Indigo Dyed, London Shrunk, Blue Serge Suit Ever Produced. (Certified All Wool by Bradford Corporation Testing House Certificate.)	£2 : 10 : 0 — The most remarkable value in the Kingdom.	30/- as worn by J. Dimmock (Tottenham Hotspurs). — The 'Real Thing' in Sports Coats.

Send For FREE Patterns

TWEEDS, SERGES, WORSTEDS, HOMESPUNS, FLANNELS, Etc., in unequalled variety. They will be sent per return Post Paid.

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S. A. BARRY & CO., Call or Write.

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Telephone Number for Free Patterns: Clerkenwell 4209.

"Black Cat"

PURE VIRGINIA CIGARETTES

10 for 6D. with **FREE COUPONS** exchangeable for Useful Gifts **20 for 1/-**

"Are You collecting my Gifts?"

"If so, you already *know* that I give smokers supreme quality-value in my cigarettes themselves, and that the Gifts I offer are *real* gifts, representing a genuine profit-sharing scheme—*not* paid for by the consumer, but bona-fide presents from ME to YOU. With the help of swift patent machines I have succeeded in slightly reducing the making cost; insufficiently to reduce the selling price per packet, however, and so handed back to my loyal public in this unique form.

"But if you have not yet joined the contented throng of regular 'Black Cat' smokers, whose ranks are daily swelled by numerous new enthusiasts, then give my celebrated brand a full trial forthwith, buying your first packet *to-day*, as a result of which I shall have made still another faithful friend. To assist you to quickly obtain any Gift of your own choice I will forward

FIVE COUPONS FREE ON APPLICATION

together with my Illustrated Book of Gifts, showing scores of acceptable articles for which you can qualify, once you have formed the thrifty 'Black Cat' habit."

Apply to

The BLACK CAT

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Every dose is a certain step towards a cure.

Anæmic, Weak and Nervous.

Scarcely Strength to Walk, but soon made well and active by Dr. Cassell's Tablets.

Mrs. T. Russell, of La Houge, Des Doveys Vale, Guernsey, writes: "I am more than anxious to let you know how wonderfully I have benefited from the use of Dr. Cassell's Tablets. I had been under treatment for weeks, but had experienced no improvement. I was suffering from general weakness, particularly in the legs associated with pain throughout the body, and at times I was unable to walk with confidence, and staggered about. My condition, in fact, was exceedingly nervous. I was always very pale, and my acquaintances came to the conclusion that I was consumptive. However, I saw Dr. Cassell's Tablets advertised, and the benefit the first box gave me was almost beyond belief. My strength came back rapidly, and in a very short time I was able to go about again. Now my health is perfect, I feel I cannot praise Dr. Cassell's Tablets enough. I have recommended them to a number of my friends, and they, too, have experienced wonderful benefit. I am quite sure that if other sufferers were aware of the benefit that they might obtain from these tablets, they would not remain a day without them."

Dr. Cassell's Tablets

The Universal Home Remedy for

Nervous Breakdown, Neuritis, Indigestion, Sleeplessness, Neurasthenia, Anæmia, Palpitation, Kidney Weakness, Children's Weakness, Wasting

Specially Valuable for Nursing Mothers and During the Critical Periods of Life.

Home Price, 3/-

1/3 the smaller size.

Sold by Chemists in all parts of the world. Ask for Dr. Cassell's Tablets and refuse substitutes.

You will wake in the morning with renewed strength if you take Dr. Cassell's Tablets.

Dr. Cassell's Tablets are manufactured under the supervision of skilled chemists in the most perfectly equipped laboratory of its kind in the Empire, by

The Veno Drug Co., Ltd., Manufacturing Chemists, Manchester, Eng.

Vol. XXXII. No. 847.
Week ending Saturday,
Aug. 26, 1922. Twopence.

JOHN BULL

93, Long Acre,
London, W.C.2.
Telephone: Gerrard 9666
Telegrams: Heroically, London.

For the People—— the Right to Justice and Truth.

The Paper on which the Sun :: Never Sets ::

The World, the Flesh, & the Devil

The Editor discourses upon passing events and topics of the day.

An Ambitious Peer.

The death of Lord Northcliffe raises an interesting speculation as to the future ownership of the *Times*. Watch Lord Leverhulme.

The Goose and the Gander.

The economists tell us that the world will benefit if Europe forgoes its debts. Why does not the same reasoning apply to America?

Premature Pyrotechnics.

The Greeks are throwing firework bouquets at Mr. Lloyd George. Damp squibs. This country is not going to make Turkey safe for Tino's democracy.

The Price of Admiralty.

The Admiralty still continues to promote captains to rear-admirals and retire them immediately on the pension of the higher rank. And meanwhile large numbers of "retrenched" junior officers are out of a job!

Burr-r-r-r.

The activities of Jane Burr, the American woman who has come over here to preach knickerbockers and triennial marriages, are becoming a trifle tiresome. Can't she be deported as a nuisance?

And Very Nice, Too.

Watch the Prime Minister. His new house at Hindhead is ready for occupation. It is so arranged that he can always sit out of the draught. Also he has booked a passage with a publisher for £90,000.

Intemperate Language.

Mr. F. W. Jowett, the Socialist Chairman of the Labour Party Conference this year, ought to be told plainly to stop trying to make our flesh creep with stories of France as a potential enemy. France wants Germany to pay; so do we.

Not Obliging.

A certain Judge, whose retirement was expected to provide a soft place for Mr. Shortt to fall on, has reconsidered his position, and the knowledge that he is hanging on to upset their plans is annoying the Cabinet. Long may he be spared to bar the biggest "job" in the history of Bench and Bar.

Ireland's Hope.

Ireland, in the bog of war, is searching for a new leader. Watch Alderman Cosgrave and the Dublin Corporation.

The God in the Car.

Winston is having a special iron-shuttered harmless-looking car built for himself. Why not similar solicitude for the minor menaced?

The High Fare and the Highway.

The charabanc traffic is growing apace. When will the railway managers draw the logical inference?

What About Those Fares?

The railway companies used to tell us to look out for big advantages when State control was removed. It has been removed a year now, and we are still looking out!

The Long, Long Trail.

Owing to the house shortage Robert Harrison, a Sunderland miner, has to walk 30 miles a day to and from his pit. And while he is walking Sir Alfred Mond is talking!

Poplar Finance.

Poplar's high rates are driving business out of the district, increasing poverty, and adding further burdens to the rates—an example of the folly of trying to feed a dog on its own tail.

Pedestrian Christianity.

The walking match between a teetotal and non-teetotal parson to see which is the better man leaves us cold. Since the war, the public wants a manlier type of clergyman. The Church will not be saved by old women of both sexes.

The Pit and the Pitfall.

We hope the South Wales colliers will ignore the fiery appeals of Mr. Evan Davies, M.P., to fight for their existence. That sort of talk led to disaster before. It is sometimes noble to die for a cause: sometimes more prudent to live for it.

Why Hesitate?

Sir Robert Horne, M.P., won't turn down the post of Lord Justice General lightly. It is the second best at the Scottish Bar; carries a good salary; six months' work in the year, and a pension for life. And no publisher will offer money for a book on "How I Reduced the Income Tax."

Reshuffling the Pack.

If Sir Robert gets the post, then Mr. Churchill will go to the Exchequer, Mr. Baldwin to the Colonies, Sir Alfred Mond to the Board of Trade, and Sir Tudor Walters to the Ministry of Health. But there's Mr. Munro.

Starving Germany!

The *Tageblatt* tells us of a Frankfurt lady who had six meals a day, all meat meals. If Germany is dying of starvation, she is dying beyond her means.

Honourable Pride.

Lord Strathclyde, the Mr. Ure of Lord Balfour's "frigid and calculated lie," has had his revenge in refusing to draw his pension. A fine example of civic patriotism.

The Break-Down Gang.

The London Conference, like its predecessors, has ended in failure. The public is very tired of the statesmen who are successful in everything except in succeeding.

The Return of Eric.

Retirement from Ministerial office has not brought peace to the restless mind of Sir Eric Geddes, who is likely before long to rejoin the Cabinet.

An Honours Enquiry.

Who? When? Where? Will the Government answer these questions as to its farcical Commission which, in any case, is restricted to the future, not to the scandals of the past?

No Work, No Pay.

State tenants at Woolwich are paying no rent, because they have no wages. A natural result of the Government's chronic habit of considering, instead of solving, the unemployment problem.

Warned Off.

More than one notorious degenerate has received plain hints of late to keep away from Court and similar functions, but even this semi-public branding with the mark of the beast is not always so effective as might be thought.

Declined.

An important personage, severely criticised for his association with the Bevan ventures, has offered to go into the dock alongside his chief in order to vindicate his own character, but the authorities have refused the offer. There are shrewd judges who wonder why!

Patriotic.

British employers are still pressing the Government to afford facilities for the entry of Germans seeking employment in various capacities—despite the fact that there are many idle ex-Service men with the necessary qualifications. Incredible, yet true.

"O, Upright Judge."

Mr. Forbes Lankester is a sportsman. In a recent case he ruled that if a man went to a sports ground and made a bet not as a bookmaker, he was loitering for the purpose of watching the sports. The bet was a mere incident. A very democratic decision.

While Others Weep.

After becoming depressed through unemployment, William Richardson of Ardsley, Barnsley, was found with his head severed on the railway at Stairport. Unfortunately, judging by past experience, the Cabinet Committee on Unemployment will continue to talk while others weep.

A Mystery Pension.

Lady Irving, whose husband left her £15,000, has been given a Civil List Pension of £50 a year, "more as a compliment than an absolute necessity." Is this fair to those who need it more as a necessity than as a compliment? Is it fair to the theatrical profession's wish to look after its own?

A Mailbag Mystery.

The inquiry now being made into the theft of part of the Canadian mail elicits the amazing fact that the hundreds of bags comprising this valuable mail were allowed to remain unguarded on a platform at Euston for nearly five hours. This is an instance of culpable carelessness which requires Mr. Kellaway's explanation.

Innocence.

There are still a few innocents at large, as for example the war-made millionaire who patronises Art with a capital "H" and thinks he can secure the return of a handsome gift to Liberal Party funds on grounds of being in need of the money now, and unable to obtain the promised title that induced him to part in first instance.

Royalty and Reds.

In pursuance of the royal policy of learning at first hand what different sections of the Community think one of the chief exponents of Communism recently received an invitation to the Palace. The invitation was declined, but we are not told whether exclusiveness or pressure of work counting the latest remittance in roubles was responsible for the refusal.

Dull Darlington.

Darlington is becoming too good to live in. Local newsagents have been warned by the police that proceedings will be taken against them under the Sunday Observance Act if they sell newspapers on Sundays, and people who buy newspapers will also be liable to prosecution! What next! A Sunday Sleeping Society should do well in Darlington.

A Hint.

We notice that Mr. William Mahler, an Admiralty attorney of New York, has shipped as an ordinary seaman on the s.s. *Haiti* in order to learn at first hand the conditions under which sailors work. The President of the Board of Trade might do worse than follow his example by signing on as a deck-hand on the *Majestic*. He would have a rollicking time in the fo'c'sle.

When Winter Comes.

When winter comes the ill-shod children of the unemployed will have yet another misery added to their unfortunate lot. The Mayor of Southwark, a man with a big heart and good head to guide it, realises this, and is setting the local unemployed's youngsters up with a pair of strong boots each. Other worshipful gentlemen with spare cash might do worse than follow their Southwark brother's example.

An Unpatriotic Decision.

The decision of the Sheffield Council not to confer the freedom of the City on an ex-Service man owing to the difficulty involved in selecting a suitable candidate is extremely unpatriotic. The whole town was "combed" for men during the war, and there must be hundreds of worthy upholders of the country's cause. Perhaps some of the City Fathers are judging others by their own standard, which is grossly unfair.

Economy.

Whitehall's master stroke in economy was to scrap material and personnel right and left in the Air Service to show a paper saving for the last financial year. Now much of this has to be replaced and the taxpayers' bill in the long run will be at least ten millions more than if there had been no "economy." And the man who prepared the latest white paper showing an increase in number of criminal lunatics was not thinking of these economaniacs.

Too Dear.

In view of the present cost of sugar, profiteering in confectionery is obviously still going on. We absolve the retailer, who has to charge what he is told to by the manufacturer. But proprietors of sweet factories appear to be doing themselves particularly well just now.

Municipal Mania.

The fourteen Chicago aldermen who have been visiting this country have hard things to say about municipal transport undertakings. We welcome their criticism and hope it will bear fruit. So long as Borough Councillors play at running buses and County Councils trade in trams we shall have neither low rates nor efficient transport.

Scraps of Paper.

Eight years ago many patriotic employers signed a pledge to keep open his job for every man who responded to Kitchener's call. Among ex-Service men workless to-day there are 89,745 still looking for those "kept" jobs, some of which are filled by stay at homes. Jerry was not the only scrap of paper merchant the war produced.

Housing in Edmonton.

As the tenants of the new municipal housing estate at Edmonton agreed not to sublet their rooms they have no option. Yet it does seem hard that such conditions should be imposed if, as many of them allege, the houses are "as large and larger than others in the district where sub-letting is allowed." As long as the Council get their rent it can matter little that lodgers contribute to it.

Medicine!

In its wisdom the United States Government has decided that American Embassies abroad are miniature States of the Union, and must observe the dry laws, so liquor may only enter the sacred portals as medicine. There has been a big jump in medicine bills, and also in the number of visitors who "come over queer" when attending official and private functions in the Embassies.

When Doctors Disagree.

A nurse employed at the L.C.C. Mental Hospital at Banstead was injured by a patient. On her recovery she was instructed to attend the Medical Examiner, Sir John Collie, who certified her permanently unfit to resume her duties. Her private doctor, however, gave her a clean bill of health. But before she can appeal she must "deposit a sum sufficient to cover all expenses." Not having the money, she is barred. A harsh regulation.

Thoughtfulness.

There are still a few thoughtful souls in Government employ. At any rate Ronald True must think so, for he has been advised through a friend of the family that if he has any complaints to make about his Broadmoor treatment they will be taken up at once, with the proper authorities. And a man serving a severe sentence for theft of a loaf for his starving children has been warned that if he complains he will hear about it!

Something for Nothing.

If it is true that the Rev. C. Trelawney Monday, Vicar of Tundon and Streatley, near Luton, has not held a service in his church for eight years, the local agitation against paying tithes is not surprising. Even that pillar of the law, a local Magistrate, objects to paying something for nothing, more especially in view of the fact that the roof of the church is falling in and pigs and fowls over-run the churchyard. Mr. Monday must give a thought to Sunday.

LORD NORTHCLIFFE'S GREATEST LOVE

by ONE WHO KNEW HIM.

"TELL Mother . . . she is the only one." In these words Lord Northcliffe, in a brief moment of consciousness just before he died, murmured a last message of devotion and consolation to the mother he adored to the end.

His public record, reverberating round the world, proved him a great Englishman. His shining and unfailing love for his mother showed him to be something even better—a great son and a great man. It beat as strongly in his heart when he had reached the topmost pinnacle of success and fought his way into the Temple of Fame as it did when he lisped his prayers at his mother's knee, an innocent and eager-hearted boy.

All through his life he showered upon the mother he loved his proud and generous affection. A message from him reached her every day, no matter in what part of the world he was. The little Irish home, in which he was born, he bought for her when he brought her to London to live, so that her happy earlier associations with it should never be broken. When he visited Dublin his first act was to send a profuse gift of flowers to all his mother's old friends.

Once to a member of his staff who had pleased him he said: "I am going to pay you the greatest compliment in my power; you shall come with me to see my mother."

Lord Northcliffe's brilliant achievements in the world of journalism and affairs will long be remembered. But perhaps the finest contribution he made to his generation and his country was his beautiful and splendid example of constant and adoring devotion to his mother.

Britain to-day, as always, is thronged with ambitious boys, highly resolved to serve their country and carve their way in the world. Can any of them go wrong if they keep before them this inspiring exemplar, this glad and faithful testimony of a great man, who set before everything else, before riches or position, or pomp or power, the eager unflagging desire to show honour and love, with all the fulness of a great heart, for the mother who bore him?

Another Peace Casualty.

A futile quest for work; fresh hopes inspired by a nightly dream that he had an appointment at last, only to be shattered by the grim reality of the succeeding day—and then suicide. Thus the tragedy of Capt. Ralph Lester. In a letter to the Coroner he asked to be allowed to leave this world as quietly as possible, as there "are no billets for people like me." What a commentary on that promised "land fit for heroes."

A Pernicious Profiteer.

Edward Henry Mitchell, a Luton estate agent, has been ordered to pay a fine of £25 and £5 5s. costs for demanding £55 premium for the letting of a house of which his wife was the landlady. Mitchell knew that he was exacting an illegal imposition. He risked it in the belief that possession of the house would overcome the desire to punish him for his extortion. Other agents would do well to make a note of the decision.

Helping Him Down.

We cannot but think that Mr. Lowe, a member of the Cricklewood Board of Guardians, failed in his duty as a father when he urged the Southend Magistrates to inflict upon his erring boy Charles, only 19, the severest punishment the law allowed. In taking this unnatural step, he has alienated the affection his son may have had for him, and has started him on a criminal career, which may end—God knows where!

Hints to Collectors.

The experience of Maurice Charles Sternbach, an American, should prove a valuable lesson to lots of his fellow-countrymen who like to take back "souvenirs," and are not too particular about how they are obtained. Sternbach collected a pair of hairbrushes and a comb from the Hotel Cecil, and got three months imprisonment and deportation for his pains. The sentence was reduced on appeal to seven days, but the lesson will no doubt prove salutary

Something for Money.

Two boys were charged at Swansea with damaging fish boxes, costing 7s. 6d. each, for the purpose of obtaining wood to make wickets and cricket bats. Thousands of these boxes are damaged yearly, and the Bench, in ordering the boys to pay damages and costs, said they wished the schools would teach the boys to leave other people's property alone. It certainly seems that the country might get something for the millions spent on education.

Just a Hero.

John Kane, just a hawker, of Warkworth, Morpeth, gave his life in a gallant attempt to rescue a boy from drowning. The lad dived off one of the rocks on the seashore, and, owing to a strong current, was soon in difficulty. Kane tried to use some reins as a life line, but in vain, and he promptly took off his clothes and jumped into the water. The boy was saved by some fishermen, but Kane became exhausted and disappeared. Just a hawker, but as noble a man as ever breathed!

The Population Question.

It is all very well for Father Degen and other eminent ecclesiastics to preach parentage as a Christian duty, but do they ever consider what would happen if families of thirteen or fourteen again became the rule? How could they be supported? How could they be fed? They preach that "The Lord will provide," but experience proves the contrary. Again, if we all swore ourselves to celibacy, as Father Degen has done, where would the world be then? Moderation is the obviously sane course.

An Absurd Distinction.

In Epsom it is larceny to steal a neighbour's flowers after they have been picked, but it is not so if you wait your chance and go into his garden and pluck them yourself. Your neighbour has a remedy, but he must specify under which statute his preceedings are taken! It is too simple to call theft, theft!

Found Wanting.

At the inquest on a little girl, Barbara Foulkes, who was drowned in the canal at Port Tennant, it was stated that after she had been brought to the bank twelve doctors were sent for, but not one came! The passers-by undoubtedly did all that was possible, but it was extremely unfortunate, to say the least, that medical aid was not forthcoming.

A Despicable Cur.

Not satisfied with obtaining £152 by fraud from the Neath Board of Guardians, William John Parsons, of Maria Street, Neath, when charged with the offence endeavoured to throw all the responsibility upon his wife. The Bench showed their marked disapproval of such despicable conduct by sending Parsons to prison for a month, and he more than deserves it.

Another Little Hero.

While Britain breeds boys of the quality of James Park, aged 12, we need have no fears. This heroic lad sacrificed his life in an attempt to save his brother Alexander, aged 15, who fell into a rocky gorge seventy feet deep. James jumped to hold his brother, but plunged into the river below and was killed. His sorrowing parents have the consolation of knowing that they brought a hero into the world.

War Memorials.

There are two "war memorials" in Travers Street, Southgate. One of them is the type erected by local householders, and decorated with flowers in jars; the other is a single room, in which Walter H. Langton, an unemployed ex-soldier, who served four years in France, lives with his wife and six children. Near by is a housing site on which the Ministry of Health will not let the local Council build!

Poor P.O. Pay.

In England and Wales there are 1,214 Sub-Post Offices where the scale of payment does not exceed £11 16s. a year, out of which the Sub-Postmaster has to pay his assistants, if any. The occasional ill-temper of Post Office servants is not surprising in such circumstances.

A Hastings Brute.

Alexandra Park, Hastings, was the scene of a cowardly attack recently upon a young girl named Lily Marshall. Sydney Charles Salter was charged with the assault, and there was no doubt about his filthy intentions. The Bench imposed the trivial fine of forty shillings. It should have been forty strokes with the birch.

Married Women and Work.

The Willesden Magistrate says a man has a right to object to his wife going out to work. Seeing that in the case in point the woman's husband was in regular employment, we cordially agree. There are quite enough distressed widows and struggling spinsters in need of work without the bread being taken from their mouths by married women greedy for a little extra pin-money.

Mother and Child.

Mr. A. A. Brennan took his wife, their little girl, and their baby for a motor ride at Bedford. Mrs. Brennan, to protect the baby from the cold wind, placed a shawl and an eiderdown around the child. Suddenly the baby ceased to breathe, and all a doctor could do was to say that death was caused by suffocation. Alas! poor mother, her thought and care proved her child's undoing.

While Haddington Burns.

The town of Haddington, with a population of several thousands, possesses a fire engine but no horses to pull it. The matter has been placed before the Town Council, but no move has been made to acquire the necessary horses or a motor fire engine. A recent farm fire simply had to burn itself out, but the ancient drama of the Council fiddling while Haddington burns must not occur again.

THE FAMILY IN THE STREET

by ARNOLD BENNETT.

IT was a holiday in a small provincial town. Shops shut: you could buy nothing but fish and tobacco. Streets empty in the sunshine. All the inhabitants with money to burn had gone away in search of joy. Tedium brooded over the town.

Along the High Street, otherwise deserted, a strange procession walked. First came three little boys. Then a thickset man of about forty with an infant in arms. Then three girls aged from eight to twelve. Then two girls, aged from thirteen to fifteen, and between them a woman of perhaps thirty-six. She was a thin, short woman, with a lined yet young face, modest, shy, self-conscious. And she was the mother of the two girls on either side of her, of the three lesser girls in front, of the infant in arms, and of the three little boys far ahead. And the thickset man was her husband and the father of the multitude.

All the children were neatly dressed, but with no finery. They all had the disciplined appearance peculiar to large families well brought up. The little boys were obviously bored, and wanted to break away from the ranks. The girls were prim, and conscious of virtue.

The father, in black like the mother, was either a skilled workman or a small tradesman. He had remained in his town because you cannot transport eleven human beings to the seaside, support them there, and bring them back for fourpence halfpenny or even for four pounds ten. His holiday was to carry the baby. The mother's holiday was to walk in her best dress, between her elder daughters in their best dresses, and not to carry the baby.

This procession was a most remarkable and arresting sight. It made you think—think right down to the foundations of society. Contrast this procession with the light frivolity of a large city. Set it against midnight fox-trots in a dance palace. The responsibilities of the infant carrying man were colossal. Nine immortal souls to feed, clothe, guide, launch upon the world! And the whole job to be achieved on less than it costs to run a decent motor car. The age of miracles is not past. And to how many of the nine immortals might the moment come when they would wish they had never been born? Consider the terrific possibilities of happiness and of disaster in this procession.

LONDON HAUNTS OF LUST

By Our Special Commissioner

SINCE the London County Council obtained powers to control the establishments where massage, therapeutics, and other treatment was advertised, over two hundred of them have been closed down. Admittedly most of these West End "houses of healing" were run by aliens for the wealthy degenerates who made the round of them in search of new sensations.

The strict control imposed by the L.C.C. quickly weeded out the worst, and since then the very energetic system of inspection has made a vast improvement. Those that remain are conducted on absolutely straight lines, and we notice that the Committee of the Council is complacently assuming that the immorality that tainted these establishments has been stamped out.

It has been stamped out—*of sight*. But after a searching investigation I am prepared to prove that the evil is flourishing underground with a vigour unsurpassed in those days when the West End streets were thick with men bearing sandwich-board advertisements.

Indeed, I will go further and assert that at the moment the policy of the London County Council in regard to the oversight and supervision of these massage, manicure, etc., establishments, and also certain tea-shops of the "cave" type, actually tends—though no doubt dictated by zeal—to increase the evil.

The massage establishments now in being are all of them—with perhaps one exception in the neighbourhood of Charing Cross—conducted with scrupulous care. The very detailed instructions of the Council as to the observance of decency, the leaving of doors unlocked, etc., are minutely obeyed. Almost every day surprise visits of inspection are paid, until it is admitted that, with the heavy rent and running expenses, massage in the West End is hardly a paying proposition.

In the days when a licence was not required it was a common thing for a hundred pounds a week to be cleared. The notorious Madame Trost—a German spy allowed to remain in charge of her dens of infamy twelve months after hostilities commenced—ran five; the unspeakable Russian anarchist, Blotesky, had one in Clifford Street, two in Regent Street, and another in Air Street, and boasted that he took £500 a week.

What has happened, then?

Simply that the "old hands" have discovered that a licensed establishment does not pay. Many have lost their licences; and far more threw them in to avoid having them taken away. *Camouflage* is employed; for the cultivation of exotic vice is far too profitable a proposition to be stamped out by L.C.C. regulations.

While inspectors are harrying the few establishments that are left and where the multitudinous regulations are scrupulously obeyed—inspecting with such feminine zeal that during the past few months several have surrendered their licences and frankly joined the subterranean sinners—a cancerous growth of peculiar evil is spreading itself underground. And what is more astounding is that some of the chief offenders enjoy an immunity from prosecution that raises very unpleasant questions.

In a recent issue reference was made to the notorious Queenie Gerald, who first graduated in vice in a West End massage establishment, and who may be described as one of the queens of this world of subterranean sin.

Here is a point that needs a little explanation. At Marlborough Street a few days ago a perfectly reputable massage establishment was summoned for a trifling infraction of the by-laws governing these places. A door had been left ocked. It was explained that it led .o a room in which were valuables. A fine of five pounds was imposed. But *next door* is the den of infamy run by Queenie Gerald—the Maddox Street chamber of sexual horrors, where at all hours of the day and night wealthy roués and depraved abnormalities sink themselves in secret sin.

It may be objected that the police know nothing of this; it is a private establishment, and what goes on therein is hidden.

Assume for a moment that the police do not know the nature of this establishment, a few questions may be put for their guidance in cutting out a cancer that has its roots spreading in all directions:—

Are they aware that a relative of Queenie Gerald's, a woman well known in the West End, carries on a similar den of vice in Jermyn Street?

Do they know that both these women are procuresses—literally negotiating the procuring and selling of the virtue of young girls?

Have they heard of Queenie Gerald's "Sunday School for Girls"—an organisation conducted on strictly business lines to get in touch with girls to supply the depraved men who frequent both the Maddox Street and the Jermyn Street luxurious brothels?

Next week I shall deal further in unflinching fashion with this gross evil, whose only remedy is the light of publicity.

AFTER FORTY YEARS

Wife Denied and Disowned

FATE played a grim and cruel jest on Mrs. Pulford, a Suffolk woman, who, after being sundered from her husband for nearly forty years, sought him out at long last only to find herself denied and disowned.

They were married at Gislingham, in 1883, and lived happily together for twelve months, when a child was born to them. The little life just flickered feebly for a few hours and then went out, and the mother lost her reason and was removed to a lunatic asylum, where she remained for ten years.

When she recovered and was liberated, she could find no trace of her husband, and had to support herself as best she could.

For nearly thirty years she lived her lonely life, and it was not until twelve months ago that she ascertained her husband's whereabouts. But when she went to him, there was no welcome for her.

At the time she was released from the asylum he had changed his name to Porter, and taken another woman to live with him. He was now about to retire from business, and when his lawful wife appeared he denied that he had ever seen her before

The Bungay Magistrates at the first hearing dismissed the case, but we are pleased to see that upon a later summons for desertion they made an order for the payment of 10s. weekly.

STRANDING A SPORTSMAN

Shabby Treatment of an Australian Athlete

TOM MORRIS is a rising young Australian all-round athlete who has recently come to England in peculiar circumstances. Although only twenty-four years of age, he holds many records for swimming and running in his own country, and should be capable of great achievements in first-class athletics.

About a year ago, while at Parramatta, New South Wales, he read in an athletic paper an article by C. W. Hart, who describes himself as a World's Champion Long Distance Runner, Holder of the Brighton and London Triple Running Record, Author of "Cross Country Running," "How to Run 100 Miles," etc.

Much interested, he wrote to Hart, asking whether he thought he could obtain a living in this country as a professional athlete, and received a long letter in reply, from which the following are extracts:—

"I have no doubt there is a great future in store for you. After consideration, I have decided to take you in hand provided you give me a *guarantee* or *contract* to act as your manager for two years. The stunt that would take here, and for which I could get you booked, would be the *sack diving* and swimming feats, for which I could arrange a tour at the various seaside and pleasure resorts during the summer, prior to your Channel attempt.

"I could also get you booked ahead at the principal indoor places of entertainment, swimming and tank-diving during the winter, if you cared to do this, to be followed on the Continent, Paris, etc., the summer after.

"If you decide on the diving and will cable with the letter of contract to follow, I will get to work right away, so that you come over with a big flourish. You would have to leave about April. Of course, I should book you in advance, so that everything would be plain sailing."

Tom Morris, delighted with these prospects, wrote at once agreeing to Hart's terms, and received the following cable in reply:—

"Contract received; agree; surprised; letter sent confirming contract; embark at once; booming."

Morris sailed forthwith, and landed in England on June 27th. He immediately got into touch with Hart, who, to his astonishment and dismay, had no engagement of any sort to offer him, and seemed to treat the whole matter with indifference.

That a fine young athlete such as Morris's record shows him to be should be induced to spend all his savings in travelling 14,000 miles to this country, only to be left in the lurch on arrival, is a disgrace to British sportsmanship.

THE BARBER RAMPANT

Fleecing the Unwary

NOW that the foreign and country invasion of London has set in with all its accustomed severity, certain unscrupulous hairdressers lie in wait for innocent victims on whom to practise their rapacity.

Their methods, which vary but slightly, may be illustrated by the recent experience of a discharged R.I. Constable, who strolled into a Pentonville Road hairdresser's saloon for a hair-cut.

This operation completed, the assistant casually observed that he would "just singe the hair over the ears," as it was a little uneven. Worse remained. The customer was asked whether he would have a shampoo. In a weak moment he assented.

After his head was dried, an electrical instrument was applied to it.

He was next told that his hair was very dry at the roots. "I will give you a little preparation to rub in," murmured the assistant; and the unsuspecting customer was grateful.

Now comes the tragic sequel. Tendering a 10s. note in payment, he was amazed to receive no more than 1s. change. Protesting, he was told there was no mistake: "hair-cut, 1s.; shampoo, 1s.; singe, 1s.; head massage, 2s. 6d.; and a bottle of hair cream, 3s. 6d.: total, 9s."

Arguments were vain An appeal to the police proved fruitless. The hairdresser had got the money, and his victim had bought his experience.

Better to be a beaver than submit to such extortion.

POSSIBLE NEXT ACT IN THE INTERNATIONAL MELODRAMA?

FRANCE (*to Germany*): "Madam, owing to the persistent machinations of the perfidious Lloyd George, I find it impossible to blow you to pieces, and am therefore constrained to declare my passion for you — will you be my wife?"

[*Angry anti-British French papers are darkly hinting at a French alliance of sorts with Germany.*]

Our Weekly KINEMA

Lloyd George's book will yield him quite
A decent bit of pelf,
But p'raps he's promised that he'll write
The truth—about himself.

Tho' drink we know is far too dear,
It's this that makes us wroth:
To pay a fancy price for beer,
And find it mostly froth.

The battleships we're building now
We're told are useless toys;
They're costly things, but anyhow
They *do* amuse the boys.

For quite a while he's told those chaps
That waste they must avoid;
If they don't stop it soon perhaps
He will get quite annoyed.

CANDID COMMUNICATIONS

Outspoken Messages to Celebrities, Notorieties, and Occasionally Nonentities.

To the Rt. Hon. the Earl of DERBY, K.G.,
Derby House, Stratford Place, W.

DEAR LORD DERBY,—Although you are no longer our accredited representative at the Quai d'Orsay, I was gratified to find that you paid a visit to Paris when the Inter-Allied Conference showed signs of breaking up. Your broad sympathies and democratic outlook have always endeared you to our French neighbours, and we could not have a better unofficial ambassador than yourself.

JOHN BULL

To the Rt. Hon. Sir ROBERT HORNE, M.P.,
Chancellor of the Exchequer.

DEAR SIR ROBERT,—I understand you intend to complete the work Sir Eric Geddes began, by making another slashing attack with the Economy Axe on the limpets of Whitehall unless the heads of the spending Departments anticipate your action by dispensing with superfluous officials. Such a step will, of course, involve hardship to some, but the needs of the country as a whole must be studied first. So I approve your decision. JOHN BULL.

To Mrs. Poulsen,
Southsea.

MADAM,—The people who leave their cats to starve when they go away on holidays are guilty of heartless cruelty, and I am always glad when they are called to account for it. You say you had intended to leave your kitten with your mother, but couldn't catch it. But if you had been a real lover of animals you would have managed it somehow, even if it involved losing your train and taking the next. I hope the 5s. fine imposed on you will be sufficient to remind you of your duty on future occasions.

JOHN BULL.

To Councillor WASEY CHOPPING,
Mayor of Colchester.

SIR,—For sending a pig to market with two broken legs you fined Wm. Bannock, of 17, Church Lane, Parsons Heath, £3, and Arthur Naylor, who actually conveyed the wretched beast, £2, remarking as you did so that in the circumstances the fines were very low. Since you apparently realised the gross cruelty involved, why on earth did you not inflict —especially on Bannock, who was primarily responsible—a punishment commensurate with the offence? Are you afraid to do your duty?

JOHN BULL.

To F. W. FRANKLIN, Esq.,
Chairman of Board of Guardians, Hammersmith.

SIR,—I share with the Hammersmith Ratepayers' Association considerable misgivings at the appointment of Mr. J. T. Thompson as Deputy-Superintendent-Registrar under his own son: He retired from his former post of Relieving Officer last year, on a medical certificate that he was unfit for further work, and although awarded a pension of nearly £5 a week, was promptly given this other job. You defended the appointment on the ground that Mr. Thompson was an old friend of yours, and that his son won the M.C. in the war. These arguments do not seem to me to justify what looks like an ugly bit of nepotism

JOHN BULL.

Postcard to GEORGE WESTON,
Devonshire Street, Marylebone.

Your idea of sport is to dangle your dog at the end of a steel chain and alternately drop it into the Serpentine and drag it out again. I should like to treat you in the same way and see how you would like it, you young blackguard. You are only sixteen, or I would suggest that the proper punishment for dog torture is something with a "cat" in it.

JOHN BULL.

To Senor CAPABLANCA,
Chess Champion.

SENOR,—I am not sure whether chess is a scientific study, a sport, or a pastime—perhaps a little of each—but whatever it is, it is up to you to "play the game." It is not very edifying to read that you offered your opponent Rubinstein a draw after thirteen moves, saying that you did not wish to deprive him of third prize. Sportsmen have rather an ugly name for such "arranged" matches in this country.

JOHN BULL.

To Mr. FREDERICK WILLIAM WHEELER,
Taxicab Driver, Shorrolds Road, S.W.

SIR,—You are not a very pleasant member of society. First of all you swore at your wife, and then, when your daughter (aged 19) protested, you caught her by the throat, twisted her nose, put her head under the tap and turned the water on. You are getting on in years, and the time is rapidly coming when you may find yourself dependent upon your daughter for the care and affection which alone make old age bearable. You are not going the right way to get it.

JOHN BULL.

To Dr. BRIDGES,
Poet Laureate.

DEAR BARD,—National victories and Royal marriages have failed to cause a ripple in your inkpot, and your claim to fame as the Silent Laureate seemed well established. But now you have burst into print with a book called "The Language of Anatomy." I beg you not to be alarmed at the flood of congratulation which is pouring upon you. This articulation of dry bones will do you no harm. So long as you don't write poetry, your reputation is safe.

JOHN BULL.

To Capt. WILLIS,
Chairman of Magistrates, West Hartlepool.

SIR,—As a vendor of cocaine Charnlambus Christadoulos, a native of Cyprus, was undoubtedly a public pest, but "I wish we could shoot you, you blackguard!" was scarcely the sort of thing you should have said to him from the Bench. No wonder the prisoner smiled! You have lots of foreign seamen to deal with at Hartlepool, and they should be taught to respect the law. You can hardly expect them to do so if you lose your temper and give vent to idiotic ejaculations of that sort.

JOHN BULL.

To the SUPERINTENDENT,
Barming Mental Hospital, Kent.

SIR,—Ernest John James, an inmate of your institution, being noisy and dangerous, had a room to himself. The constant supervision which is usual in such circumstances was withheld. Two attendants said they looked at him at 4 a.m., and while one of them swore that he was lying still in bed, the other swore that he was excitably roaming about the room. An hour later he was found to have strangled himself. Emphatically a case for a full inquiry by the Home Office.

JOHN BULL.

Postcard to Mr. KELLAWAY,
Postmaster-General.

Glad to see you are going ahead with your scheme for exhibiting pictorial advertisements in Post Offices. Something for me to look at while I am waiting for your young ladies to finish their conversation.

JOHN BULL.

Telegram to Lord HARRIS.

I hope to see you about again soon, fully recovered from the fall you got while snatching a short run. Although your age entitles me to call you the Grand Old Man of Cricket, there is still, I feel sure, many a long run in front of you, as well as some short ones.

JOHN BULL.

JOHN BULL is the only paper which insures you against Floods.

Without Fear or Favour

by The Editor

The Reparations Tangle

IT will be a calamity if the reparations dispute is allowed permanently to impair our good relations with France. More than that, it will be the crowning blunder of statesmanship. Yet the outlook is full of peril.

Owing principally to the shiftiness of the British Government, which has never once known its own mind on the vexed question of German reparations, the governing element in France and a large section of her people are afflicted with a profound mistrust of Great Britain. We may blame the French, but we must at least be fair to them. It is no mere technical difficulty over the question of a moratorium for Germany which has sent M. Poincaré home in a huff, to be rapturously hailed by his fellow countrymen as the unyielding champion of justice. The likelihood is that if Mr. Lloyd George had from the beginning pursued a coherent policy towards Germany, a sane compromise would before now have been reached and the rupture with France averted.

It is the absence of fixed principles on the British side which has precipitated the present crisis, and M. Poincaré can hardly be blamed for his failure to keep step with the British Premier, who at each successive conference has danced to a new tune.

As regards the settlement with Germany, the point of view of the average British citizen differs considerably from that of the high-brows who have captured the ear of Downing Street. The men who fought and the women who suffered may not be versed in economics, and they are prepared to extend to the Government a large degree of latitude in detail, but to the moral principle that in some way or other Germany should be made to expiate her crime against civilisation they stand unalterably committed.

It is to this same principle that the French nation adheres, and even if we allow that, in its practical application, M. Poincaré is mistaken, we may at least be thankful that one European statesman has the courage to remind us of our pledges to the honoured dead.

"Holy Matrimony"

THE cynics notwithstanding, marriage remains an amazingly popular institution. The advanced feminist may rage and the up-to-date novelist imagine vain things, but old-fashioned wedlock shows no signs of falling out of favour as a mode for the regulation of sex relationships. If we ask why, we must answer that, like other ordinances which have stood the test of time, it has been found to serve the best interests of the community. In the common phrase, it has "worked."

The good folks of the United States who are obliging enough to send us first a missionary to preach total abstinence from alcohol, and now a feminine apostle of sexual anarchy, must excuse us if we have no particular use for either of them. Neither morbid asceticism nor unbridled profligacy are in line with our British traditions. We are apt to take the middle path, to treat the fanatic with coldness, to choose temperance in all things.

The institution of marriage is exposed to no peril from the assaults of those who attack its foundations. The danger which confronts it is of a wholly different kind. If ever marriage becomes unpopular and looser ties gain upon it in the estimation of the public it will be through the blind prejudice of those who oppose the reform of the marriage laws. This is the lesson of history.

It is an impertinence on the part of those who resist divorce law reform to represent those who advocate it as apostles of licentiousness. It is the intelligent divorce law reformer who seeks to steer a safe middle course between that superstitious view of marriage which is too high for common mortals and the opposite fanaticism which preaches the unrestrained gratification of the impulse of sex.

There is no sort of case for the abrogation of the marriage law; there is, however, an overwhelming demand for its reform. Concede this, and marriage will have nothing to fear from its critics. It has one supreme recommendation Alone among schemes yet devised, it safeguards the interests of the child. It is upon this rock that the edifice of matrimony stands secure.

The Demon Mother

IT is an anomaly of our criminal law that the most fiendish case of cruelty to a child can be punished by only six months' hard labour. Still, six months' imprisonment is a useful reminder that children have rights and that their deliberate torture is an unpardonable outrage. But what are we to think of magistrates who consider that the most revolting brutality to a child of ten is adequately punished by a fine of five pounds?

At the Hull Police Court last week a woman named Elizabeth Spivey was charged with cruelty to her little stepson. It was proved that for some childish fault, or for none at all, this inhuman wretch had of set and devilish purpose seared the child's naked arms with a red-hot poker plucked from the fire, and this, not once, but twice on one arm and three times on the other.

The natural impulse of decent folks would be to wish that her own body should suffer something of the agony she inflicted upon this poor child. The law is less severe. It provides penalties which, if inadequate, are better than none. In dismissing this atrocious charge on the mere payment of a £5 fine, the Hull magistrates were guilty of a gross dereliction of duty. Their excuse was that the woman was shortly to become a mother. Such an intimation moves us only to pity the baby to be born. It is the crowning scandal of our law in relation to child cruelty that time after time it hands tortured mites back to their inhuman parents, whose lust for cruelty is too often stimulated by a perverted instinct of revenge.

Chemical Warfare

IT has been complained of the League of Nations that it is merely a league of notions. But there is a sense in which this should be so; the League, if ever it is to play an effective part in world affairs, must have ideas as well as ideals, mental alertness as well as moral earnestness. It must never bury its head in the sand.

If it is true, as a French military expert assures us, that the scientists of Europe are devoting their attention to the production of poisonous gases more deadly than any used in the last war, it is clearly the business of the League of Nations to know all about it and to warn the peoples of the world. We can imagine no more effective peace propaganda.

The possibilities of chemical warfare, as understood by military experts, go to the limits of horror, and it may be assumed without question that if another war comes its toll will be far more terrible than the carnage of shot and shell. It will be fought not between armies, but between nations, and the wholesale massacre of civilians will be its leading feature. So much is common ground, and it might be well if the various Peace societies would hammer the facts home.

It is known already that the poison gases of the last war will never be used again, for the simple reason that others far more deadly have been devised, some of them so potent as to enable half a dozen hovering aeroplanes to send a whole city staggering to its doom.

Moreover, it is asserted that in this devilish study the bacteriologist has come to the aid of the chemist, and the germs of disease, wilfully disseminated, may play a not unimportant part in the warfare of the future.

Is there no way out of this ghastly situation? To ask the same question in another form: Has the world gone stark mad? Is it possible that within four years of the close of the bloodiest war in history sane men are deliberately preparing for the next? These are the questions to which not the League of Nations only, but all thinking men and women, should demand an answer. If we are to be saved we must save ourselves.

Teach the Magistrates

IT was said of Lord Chancellor Brougham, a less learned lawyer than some who have since occupied the Woolsack, that if he had known a little of law he would have known a little of everything. The absence of such knowledge would in these days be held to unfit a man for judicial office.

In the case of lay magistrates the difficulty is got over by the appointment of a Clerk, who is usually a lawyer, but there is a growing conviction that Borough and County Justices, who frequently commit the gravest blunders, would be none the worse for a little knowledge of the law they are called upon to administer.

In this matter women are taking the lead. At Oxford 2,000 women magistrates have had a week's intensive legal study. Male Justices should copy their example. We shall then have fewer Shallows on the Bench and fewer scandals in the Courts.

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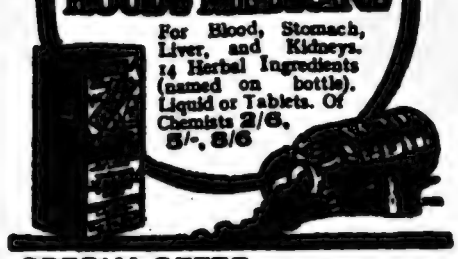

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VICE MASQUERADING AS RELIGION

Theosophy or Moral Irregularity?

IF there is anything that the public most heartily detests and most indignantly resents it is vicious habits and practices hidden under the cloak of religion.

The Theosophical Society, of which Mrs. Annie Besant is the head, and in which the so-called Bishop Leadbeater was her chief ally, has recently had important resignations from its ranks on this very question of moral purity.

Some of its community, however, are still obviously in the dark about the character and associations of this man Leadbeater. For example, Lady Emily Lutyens, resenting attacks upon him, said that she always regarded him as "the most striking example of radiant purity she had ever met." It is time she was told the blunt truth.

Leadbeater has been charged with teaching young boys, given into his care, degrading and indecent habits, and teaching this under the guise of spiritualism and occultism. One boy told his mother that Leadbeater promised him that this immoral course of conduct would "make him strong and manly."

Does Lady Emily Lutyens know that Mr. Justice Bakewell said of Leadbeater that he held "opinions that were certainly immoral, and such as to unfit him to be a tutor for boys, and render him a highly dangerous associate for children"?

Could there be anything more abominable than a letter written by Leadbeater to a young boy, beginning "my own darling boy" and ending "thousand kisses, darling," and encouraging him to continue on evil courses—all this with a wealth of disgusting detail which we cannot print?

Or is she doped by the humbugging spiritualistic "explanation" of this advice, impudently and blasphemously asserted to come from a divine source?

Dr. Van Hook, General Secretary of Mrs. Besant's Society in America, furnished the "explanation," which he said was inspired by one of the "Masters." "It was most easy for Mr. Leadbeater (he is usually called Bishop Leadbeater) with clairvoyant vision to see clearly the varying thought-forms that were hovering about certain other boys not yet addicted to this degrading practice. Hence the 'crime' or 'wrong' of teaching the boys the practice alluded to was no crime at all, but only the advice of a wise teacher."

Is Lady Emily Lutyens satisfied with this nonsense, put forward to justify the most shocking indecency of which degraded man is capable, teaching filthy habits and demoralising secret vices to innocent boys? Is she sane if she calls this "radiant purity"?

Mrs. Annie Besant does not consider that the Theosophical Society has any moral code binding on its members. She has no use for the "law of Moses." She proclaimed Alexander Fullerton a "Theosophical Worthy." He was arrested for sending obscene letters to a young boy, and confessed the crime. Does Lady Emily Lutyens know this?

Does she know that some of the leaders justify these aberrations on the ground that they have spiritual significance hidden from the uninitiated? Does she approve of the theory that the Theosophical Society has no concern with the morals of its members? Does she think that this indifference is a matter for pride or self-satisfaction? If she does, she has a singular outlook on life.

Leadbeater teaches young boys that in a previous life they were his wives. Does she know that he was consecrated "Bishop" in the so-called Liberal Catholic Church by the pretence of an expelled Anglican clergyman, Willoughby, who was a sexual pervert?

Does she know that he was refused admittance to the home of Mrs. Martin, in Sydney, because he had been caught red-handed in the act of vice?

Does she know that one Farrer, a priest of the Liberal Catholic Church, admitted that he practised an unnatural vice and refused to give it up; and that he was led astray by his "spiritual superiors"?

Are these things known to the people who go to the Theosophical meetings at the Wigmore Hall, or to the newspapers which advertise the meetings? Are they known to Scotland Yard?

THE MINERS' FIGHT FOR EXISTENCE

From a Correspondent

BRITISH public! The miners, the miners' wives, and their children's hearts are broken, broken by starvation—the greatest disease possible. Not only their hearts, but their faith in Royalty. Could but the King, Queen or the Prince of Wales mingle with the colliers (incognito of course) and hear the talk and the rough jests made against them! Respect forbids me to repeat. Why should the Royal Family bear the brunt of the treachery of others? Someone is making capital—it's not the miners. Is it "The Coal King" we know so little about?

The miner's wife, thin and pale through self-denial, walks steadily towards her home. She has been to town with the marvellous sum of 2s. in the form of a "ticket for groceries" from the local Relief Committee. No ride home on the cars for her. She whispers. What? "I won't ride home—I know I'm tired, but—tuppence will buy Jack a packet of cigarettes. Bless him—he needs 'em." Jack must have his smoke.

Oh, you in the great city casting down your half-smoked silk-tipped. *You* don't know what a real smoke is. *You* never enjoy a smoke. Feel the *pangs of poverty* first—then you'll understand. Look at her little parcel as she clutches it to her.

Can't I make you feel? Honest! a lump is in my throat and the tears are in my eyes as I write this. It's from my heart.

"Jack," she whispers, "I've got a little cheese and some bacon. You can get a few broad beans off to-morrow an' we'll ha' 'em with the bacon. The cheese'll do for supper."

"Got a few sucks (toffee) for the nipper?" asks Jack. Sadly she shakes her head as she hands him the cigarettes. Jack turns—tears stand in his eyes but—in his heart—he curses. God! I wonder how I can write. It is not for the pen of an outsider. One must suffer—and see. You famous writers cannot do it. You cannot live in luxury and write of poverty.

The men are talking—talking of what? *The next strike.* I harden my heart against all who run strikes down. They're heroic. Heroic? Yes! Public—the miners are suffering. They started on the last strike with well filled bellies and a nest egg. They will start on the next starving and—last out longer. A hungry wolf fights best.

We don't want a strike. Only a living wage. Orders have been received from America—coal is up—wages down. Where are the profiteers who are living on souls? *To hell with them, with a machine gun and twenty rounds of ammunition.*

Bolshevism? Rubbish! It's Justice! No wonder the small boy shouts after the mine manager as his car passes through the village for the Sunday joy-ride. "Theer he goes. That means another ten per cent. reduction."

I cannot write more. Let it stop at that.

FLOGGING THE ORPHANS

Cruelty to Children—by Order

by THOMAS BURKE

THE question of corporal punishment is one that is often discussed, and is always won by its advocates. To the humane critic of their methods they fling the jeer of "Flabby Sentimentalist." And the humane man lets it go at that, believing, though unwillingly, in the stern sense of duty that moves the righteous flogger.

Perhaps he has not seen an orphanage or reformatory whipping.

Here is an attempted picture of one of these hideous affairs; a reminiscence that can never be shaken from the memory:

Two boys had attempted to run away from a Good Home. Miserably for them, they were caught after one day out and dragged back. For a week they were kept isolated. Then, one chill morning at eight o'clock (execution hour) an order came that the whole school should form up in the big hall. They were marched in and stood at attention for some minutes. Then, on the dais, appeared a director of the school, the headmaster, the bailiff (carrying a frightful thing under his arm) and the two culprits, with ashen faces and afflicted eyes. The headmaster spoke; rehearsed the facts of their crime and announced the Board's sentence—six strokes of the birch.

THE school shuffled, and those who were witnessing this horror for the first time, felt sick. Prominent on the platform stood a thick-lipped City stockbroker, —who subscribed his £500 each year towards the Good Work, which entitled him to be present on these cheery occasions—jingling money in his pocket and chatting with the headmaster. The bailiff wasn't interested. He stood twiddling the instrument which he carried.

IT was a dim, curdled morning of January, and over that hall hovered something dark and gloating. An order was given. The culprits, with the rigid movements of sleep-walkers, obeyed and stood before their comrades in abasement and terror. One was called forward. He shuffled to the spot indicated. Another order was given and he was made to crouch in a posture that annihilated all decency, honour and boyhood.

The headmaster took the birch from the bailiff, paused judicially, then raised his arm and brought it sharply down. At the hiss of the instrument and the scream of the victim the school gasped. He writhed round the platform. His screams cut the thick morning air and cut the other boys. They knew him as a bright, eager boy—merry, clean-minded, serious and proud. Now here he was twisted into obscene and ludicrous shapes. The boys hung their heads and wouldn't look. An order was barked, "Heads up!" Then to the boy, "Over again!"

The second stroke fell. The boy staggered before he screamed; then screamed in long wails. "Down you go!"

A BOY in the crowd fainted and was carried out. To the watchers the hall grew dim—a little circle of a waving instrument and a leaping figure, shot through with screams; and at the back, the second culprit, awaiting his torture with the eyes of a dead fish. Torture—for what? Murder? Theft? Arson? Cruelty? No, for running away from a Home!

At the third stroke the boy turned from one to another on the platform—a mass of disordered clothes and blood. He tried to run, but the trousers at his feet were effectual irons. He achieved only a grotesque shamble before the bailiff seized him. This time he was held down. Dazed with pain he called upon his mother. He shouted upon God. He began to babble, "Our Father which art in Heaven——"

BUT there was no answer. . . . The ritual of torture must go on. He was no longer a boy, no longer human or animal, but a loathsome creation of his masters and tormentors; a tortured organism, racking his throat with sobs and screaming for merciful release from shame and agony.

Let us get back to the Inquisition right away and let our Sadists thoroughly enjoy themselves.

SAINTS *and* SINNERS

Pen Portraits of Prominent People

by HESKETH PEARSON

THE son of a famous man is either fortunate or unfortunate. If he's a man of talent, he'll have to fight his father's reputation as well as the world. If he's a nonentity, the world will forgive him because of his father's reputation.

Austen Chamberlain is both fortunate and unfortunate. He falls somewhere half-way between talent and mediocrity. He is far from a genius and far from a fool. He has been helped as well as hindered by his father's reputation.

I remember once standing in a crowd which the son of Joseph was about to address. The moment he made his appearance a gentleman behind me enlivened the proceedings by uttering the following profound remark: "Blimy if he aint pinched the old un's eye-glass!"

THERE was a great deal more in that unrehearsed exclamation than the speaker probably imagined. Austen Chamberlain started his life as a copy, not an original. He actually handicapped himself heavily from the start by wearing an eye-glass—thus emphasising his intention of keeping close to the family model. From a popular point of view that eye-glass wrecked him. Rightly or wrongly, audiences are not fond of under-studies.

But it was typical of the man. He has none of that fiery audacity which is the leading characteristic of Winston Churchill, who made very short work of his father's reputation! And the result is that the younger Chamberlain will never inspire the loyalty he so lavishly bestows on the memory of his sire.

AUSTEN CHAMBERLAIN

Naturally he is respected. And quite rightly, for he is eminently respectful himself. But as he can't have his cake and eat it too, he has decided to keep the family cake intact, admiring it at intervals from a respectful distance. Winston, on the contrary, has nourished himself on the Churchill cake and will one day run the country on the stamina thus derived.

THE formation of character depends to a great extent on the environment in which one is reared, and Austen Chamberlain is the product of his father's Birmingham. Wherever Austen went, whatever he did, he was brought up sharply against the immense prestige of "Brummagen Joe." His father was a tradition almost before he was weaned—unlike most traditions, a pretty lively one—and he would have been more than human not to have succumbed to that pressure.

At any rate he did succumb. He fell, reverently prostrate, before his father's final period, and flatly declined to go through the republican, radical and other Limehousian phases which had made Joseph's name a byword throughout the land. And it must be admitted he was perfectly sincere. He honestly regarded his father as a great statesman who, having belonged to every Party in turn, must have arrived at the right one in the end. So he took his Party and his opinions from the great Unionist, and in doing so hopelessly damaged himself as a possible figure in the political arena.

HE always was and still remains a very pleasant, socially agreeable offspring of a public school where, by his father's instructions, he was never spanked. But his career as a politician of any real note was shattered from the moment he sported a monocle.

The Master Builder

by The Rev. R. J. CAMPBELL, D.D.

MR. BERNARD SHAW says he found Darwinism out long ago. While he was still a youngster, he suspected the theory called "the survival of the fittest" to be unsound, or at least insufficient as an explanation of the way in which things in general have come to be what they are.

Many of us are still old enough to remember the brain-splitting impact of that theory upon the world. It seemed to reduce everything gracious and beautiful to sordid elements, to ascribe a sinister origin to all man's highest attainments. It represented life as an unmeaning scramble, an incessant, merciless struggle of species against species, form against form. "Nature, red in tooth and claw," was all that science could see for a time. This was not Darwin's fault, but the fault of his interpreters; and one of its results was the Great War.

But with greater knowledge we are wiser now. We know that the chief factor in evolution is not the tooth and claw business but something else, something of infinite potency. It is a mysterious urge that is continually taking us by surprise. It produces new forms of life without warning, starts the stream of creative energy flowing in new directions, no one knows how or why. New species, and new attributes of existing species, will suddenly manifest themselves and go on manifesting with intense vitality. Anything may happen by means of this upward-springing, exhaustless rush of living power.

We ought to trust it better than we do; we have reason for expecting great things from it. After all, it is not we who are steering the ship of human destiny, and no human folly can utterly wreck it. The power that made us knows what it is about and keeps control.

EASY COME—EASY GO

by

HAROLD OWEN

THAT very useful body, the Select Committee on Public Accounts, has just issued its third Report, and it becomes a thrice-told tale of the slackness that prevails among the Departments in the spending of public funds, both with and without Parliamentary sanction.

Occasionally, by some miracle or miscalculation, there is actually a surplus in the money allotted to a particular job or case. You would think that this would give such a glow of self-satisfaction to the Department concerned that it would hasten to restore the money to the till and wait for the Lords of the Treasury to say "Good boy!" and pat it on its Departmental back.

But no. Each Department seems to make it a point of honour to lose on the swings any unforeseen surplus on the roundabouts, and there is always some little plan waiting to absorb unexpected surpluses.

The fact is that the war, which made Governments prodigal, has left them profligate in their spending habits. Hence you may read without surprise of the Woolwich locomotives—over a million and a quarter spent, with the object of "making work," on locomotives that nobody ordered and no one will buy.

Quite in the picture, too, is the characteristic story of the drifter *Colonel* bought by the Admiralty for £4,800 to be re-sold at a profit, repaired at a cost of £3,000—and finally sold (no surplus this time for anybody!) for £750. No wonder the Report says: "The list of losses, by fraud and otherwise, is again a heavy one."

And what is the moral of all this looseness with other people's money? One lesson, certainly, is that the more restricted the area of Governmental money-spending the better; and the argument for nationalising our enterprises has been badly battered by the experience, which shows that it would merely mean the illimitable enlargement of the opportunities for Governmental waste.

And the second lesson is that the taxpayer *must* impress upon Parliament and the Government a stricter sense of their responsibility, for it is really a vulgar as well as a dishonest thing to spend the nation's money with a looser sense of responsibility than they would spend their own.

It would not be a bad thing if the Select Committee had power to surcharge Cabinet Ministers, like Government auditors surcharge Guardians who spend the ratepayers' money rashly or wrongly. If, for instance, Mr. Lloyd George had known in advance that he would be fined half a year's salary if his Genoan enterprise failed to do what he asserted it would do (give us "Peace and a New Europe"), we might have been saved the cost of that grandiose futility.

Let us at least get back to the honesty and probity in public finance of the Gladstonian tradition. Gladstone had his faults, but how glad we should be to have him back again—if only we might have his public virtues also!

THE HOUSI

by A. G. GA

"WE have spent 100 millions penny wasted; anothe 1 another 50 millions on the hemi in Ireland, and so on. With the whole housing problem of this cou and unemployment diminished."

I ACCEPT with much pleasure the request of the Editor to open a discussion in these columns on the most pressing domestic problem with which this country has to deal. No one needs to be convinced of the importance of decent homes for the people to live in. This is not a question of humanity or philanthropy primarily. It is a question of national well-being. The strength of a nation is in its citizens. If they are physically fit and mentally well equipped, the nation is strong; if they are physically unfit and mentally bankrupt the nation is doomed.

That will not be denied. Nor will it be denied that the basis of a happy and efficient people is the possession of decent homes to dwell in. Light and air and space are as necessary for the human growth as for the flowers in the garden. If you crowd the flowers in the garden and shut out the light and air, they perish. And if you crowd children together in slums they perish too, or if they survive they survive as impoverished lives, a burden to themselves and a burden to the community.

THE relation of housing conditions to the health of the people may be tested by the mortality returns. Why do two children die in Wigan or Holborn for every one that dies, say, in Hampstead? It is simply that the Hampstead child is given a chance and the Wigan or Holborn child isn't. Plant houses eighty to the acre, and 145 in every 1,000 of your children under one year will die. Plant them twenty to the acre and you will halve the death rate. And it is a moral question as well as a physical question. Cleanliness, self-respect, standards of virtue—how can these things be cultivated in houses where families are crowded together in a single room without those elementary decencies of accommodation that react on character and conduct?

ALL this needs no demonstration. It is self-evident. Let us turn to the nature of the problem, why the Government have failed to deal with it, and how it can best be solved. It is not a new problem. It is an old problem. It affects the rural districts no less than the towns. The Land Enquiry Committee which reported before the war estimated that 120,000 new houses were required in the rural districts, and that the shortage of houses was proportionately heavy in the towns. In London alone the Valuer of the London County Council stated that 549,000 people lived under unhealthy housing conditions.

THAT was the position before the war. What has happened since? During the four years of the war the building of houses practically ceased. Normally 80,000 new houses are required per annum to meet the natural increase of population and also the decay of existing houses. None were built. That is to say, the pre-war shortage in houses was increased by 320,000, with the result that when the local authorities were asked to estimate the housing needs of their respective districts at the beginning of 1919, they put the total deficiency of houses in England and Wales at 850,000.

SIR ALFR

Let me say here, parenthetically, that the actual shortage is only one phase of the question. Many of the houses occupied are unfit for human habitation. The inspection by Medical Officers of Health during 1920 showed that of one million houses inspected 270,000 were unfit for human dwelling.

THAT was the position at the close of the war. We remember the promises that were made about the provision of "homes for heroes." Let us see how those promises have been redeemed. Since 1919 practically all working-class houses have been built by local authorities under the Housing Act of that year (I leave out of account the 35,000 houses built under the Government subsidy scheme, for these are almost entirely occupied by middle-class people). Since 1919 the number of working-class houses built under the Housing Act is 115,000. A further 40,000 have been commenced and 20,000 more have been affirmed. That is the total scheme—175,000 houses in four years.

I have said that the number of new houses necessary each year to meet the normal increase of population and the decay of existing houses is 80,000. So far from making up the pre-war shortage, therefore, we have increased it since 1919 by 150,000.

THAT is the position to-day. We were half-a-million houses short at the beginning of the war. We were 850,000 short at the end of the war. We are over a million short to-day.

What is the cause of the failure? It is not that we have not spent money. We have poured it out like water, but we have poured it down the drains. We have spent

ING HOAX

GARDINER

ions in attacks on Russia—every 100 millions in Mesopotamia; miliating Black-and-Tan ramp money thus flung away, the country could have been solved,

RD MOND

100 millions in attacks on Russia—every penny wasted; another 100 millions in Mesopotamia; another 50 millions on the humiliating Black-and-Tan ramp in Ireland, and so on. With the money thus flung away, the whole housing problem of this country could have been solved.

And a second cause of the failure is the extravagant cost of the houses. The cost would have been high in any case as the result of the war, but it was increased by the machinations of those who controlled the supply of materials. They formed "a ring round the house." They conspired to exploit the necessities of the people and the need of the State. The Government took no steps to break the ring and stop the plunder. Hence the cost per house was £1,000, and as this made an economic rent impossible, the State is left with a charge of £8,000,000 annually in respect of the houses built since the war.

And the problem remains. We still want a million houses, and the question is how they are to be provided. The Government scheme is at an end, but private building cannot meet the case. It is true that the cost of building has come down by half since 1920.

It is still too high, however, to enable the private builder to build, on an economic rental basis, especially with the wages of workmen falling towards a pre-war level.

IF we are to attack the problem effectively, therefore, it can only be by public assistance. We have got to treat the housing question frankly as a question of public health. We cannot afford to have ill-housed people any more than we can afford to have ill-drained streets. Slum areas cannot be isolated. They poison the general life of the community. They need cutting out as cancer needs cutting out of the healthy body. If it is a national duty to spend 800 millions a year in preparing for war, it is surely a national duty to spend a thirtieth of that sum in making a healthy people.

And I believe that at a cost to the public purse of less than one battleship a year the whole housing problem of this country could be solved. The statement sounds fantastic, but it is true.

With the fall in cost it is now possible for local authorities to build houses which would involve comparatively small loss to the tax-payer. When account is taken of the fact that the unemployment dole will be saved in the case of the building trade operatives now out of work, it is doubtful whether in many districts there would be any loss at all. If, further, we take into account the collateral gains in health, etc., it would be found that the building of houses now by the local authorities would be a sound business proposition.

I HAVE stated the case and must leave to more expert minds the discussion of the wisest methods to adopt in carrying out this vast and urgent work. There are one or two fundamental considerations, however, which may be thrown out here.

I rejoice to know that instructed opinion is emphatically against the block dwelling. Great flats are all right for well-to-do people who can pay for service and have tennis courts and playgrounds near by for their children. But for working women who have to carry every bucket of coal and every child in arms to the fifth floor of a barrack dwelling the waste and hardship are intolerable. And the barrack dwelling, so far from relieving the congestion, intensifies it.

What we need is the dispersal of population. For this reason the housing problem should be dealt with, not by the present local authorities, but by authorities operating over wide areas and controlling town planning and transport. Shoreditch cannot cure itself. The way to cure Shoreditch is to shift Shoreditch.

BUT, you say, how can we shift Shoreditch? The people are there and their work is there. How can they go out into the green fields of Herts or Essex or Kent? Let me show how the miracle can be accomplished. You have all heard of the Garden City of Letchworth. It was started less than 20 years ago. Its founders built houses there on a garden plan. They were confident that if they built houses the people would come and the factories would follow them. That has happened. Letchworth is now a great rural-industrial community. It is the model for the housing campaign of the future.

IT is idle to build houses haphazard in slum areas. They should be built with vision for the future. They should be built so that the slums may be drained and factory and workers together may go out into the light and air and space of the countryside.

NO MORE INDUSTRIAL STRIFE!

by

N. GRATTAN DOYLE, M.P.

CAN nothing be done to avoid strikes and lockouts—which, after all, are but a barbaric and wasteful way of trying to settle industrial disputes? The thought of a million and a half of men out of work through no fault of their own is tragic enough. The thought of others thrown out by their own, or their employers', inability to live at peace with the other is a travesty of civilisation itself.

Let us look at the matter in cold blood. We read in the text book of economics that out of the proceeds of industry come wages, profits, salaries, rent, and a multitude of other expenses. We do not need to go to the professor of political economy to find that out. We know it from our own every-day experience. The greater the total product, therefore, the greater the net amount available for division between labour and capital. So far the interests of employer and employed are one and the same.

But *all* their interests need not be the same. The more capital takes in the form of profits, the less, other things being equal, there is left for labour. The more labour can wring from the employer, the less there is left, with the same proviso as before, for capital. That, in a nutshell, is the primary difficulty of the industrial problem as we know it to-day. Each side, seeing its own immediate interest first, goes to war with the other. The result is disaster to both, and still greater disaster to the community at large.

Some see in an Industrial Parliament a possible way out. Others would have the Imperial Parliament itself take a hand in the settlement of each industrial dispute as it arises. Others again—interested parties for the most part—see hope alone in a fight to a finish between organised labour and capital.

To my mind the most promising approach lies in a change of heart and of mind. If we are to avoid fighting there must be a real "will to peace" among employers and employed, based on the goodwill of the community at large. But goodwill alone will not suffice. With the "will to peace" must come the decision to regard the matter from a fresh angle, an angle as far removed from the angle from which the trade union leader looks at it as from the angle from which the employer sees it.

And for that we require some joint body representing both sides—and, because representing both sides, representing the public at large—to give us a lead. I urge therefore the formation of a small "Cabinet of Industry" to make effective an industrial *entente*, to look on industry as a whole—not through trade union spectacles or the spectacles worn by employers' organisations, but through the eyes of the man in the street, the man who has made Great Britain what she is.

We need the lead which such a Cabinet could give us, we need a joint body to make possible that ten years' truce which Mr. Frank Hodges has suggested—aye, and to continue it for ever.

AN INNOCENT MAN HANGED

Dublin Castle Revelation—After 34 Years

"I AM as innocent as God himself. I defy the rope."

This was the dramatic declaration of a young Irish peasant named Daniel Hayes when asked in usual terms if he had anything to say why sentence of death should not be passed on him for the murder of Jeremiah Fitzmaurice, a victim of the Irish land war, on January 31st, 1888.

After the lapse of thirty-four years the grim walls of Dublin Castle have yielded up their secret, and it is now clear that Hayes was innocent, his trial and execution constituting one of the most ghastly cases of judicial murder in the annals of the law. It forms also a damning indictment of official red-tape and callousness, as well as pointing the moral that *it is not always wise to rely on circumstantial evidence.*

Conclusive evidence of the innocence of the condemned man came into possession of the authorities in Ireland a few hours before the time of the execution. It was ignored because nobody dared display sufficient initiative to stop the machinery of the law once in motion, and an innocent man went to his death.

The days succeeding the execution brought confirmation of the first suggestion that a judicial murder had been committed, but after the manner of officials the world over, those in Dublin Castle pigeonholed the proofs of their own blunder, and the documents might have remained in hiding for ever but for a chance discovery when the Irish Bastille passed into new hands.

The victim of the original crime was an old farmer who had taken over a farm from which his brother had been evicted. Making his way to Listowel market between midnight and dawn, accompanied by his daughter, he was shot dead by one of two men who had followed him for some distance.

Mainly through information given by the daughter, Daniel Hayes and Daniel Moriarty were arrested for the murder—both being positively identified by Crown witnesses. The case was prepared with his usual force and skill by the present Lord Carson. Under the circumstances, the verdict was never in doubt, and the vehement protests of young Hayes made no impression on Judge or Jury.

Some days afterwards, the man Moriarty made a confession in which he exonerated himself at the expense of Hayes, whom he accused of firing the fatal shot.

This was taken as conclusive evidence of the guilt of both men, and the petition for reprieve was rejected by the Lord Lieutenant on the strength of it. Its worthlessness was revealed some days later, when Moriarty confided to the Prison Chaplain that his confession was false, made with the object of saving his own life, and that the accused man Hayes was not his companion on the fatal morning.

Within twenty-four hours of the time fixed for the execution this revised confession was before the authorities, but, enmeshed in red tape, they could not see their way to intervene.

With the end near, young Hayes made his last solemn confession to the Catholic Chaplain, re-affirming his innocence, and this he followed with the dramatic declaration which he knew could only be made public when the sentence was carried out:

> "I, Daniel Hayes, declare now going before my God, I would not go before my God with a lie on my lips. I declare before God and the world that you Jerry Fitzmaurice I never see to my knowledge. I did not shoot you that morning. I do not know who shot you.
>
> "You Moriarty, I did know before, but was not with you that morning. I forgive from the bottom of my heart all those who have sworn my life away. I may not be believed, but time will tell. It will be known on the last day."

"Time will tell," said this victim of judicial murder, and it did much sooner than he expected. Not very long after, an American priest was called to administer the last rites to a man named Patrick Shane, who had met with an accident in New York.

With his dying breath Shane owned that he had been the companion of Moriarty on that January morning; that he had fired the fatal shot. His confession, duly witnessed and vouched for, was communicated to the British authorities, and finally reached Dublin Castle, where it was filed away with the other documents relating to the tragedy.

One distinguished public servant, who was in touch with the Castle at the time when the foregoing facts were communicated to him confessed to the writer that he remembered the officials discussing the matter and deciding that as there was no precedent for interfering with the course of the law after the arrangements for an execution had gone so far, they were helpless.

Surely this is the bitterest comment that could be made on the inhumanity of our legal system, if it be claimed that precedent and red tape are more than the life of an innocent man.

Did Hayes leave any dependents? If so, it may not even now be too late to make some poor pecuniary compensation to them.

METHODICAL MADNESS

Suicide Verdict Fiction

IT has long been recognised that the conventional verdict of "Suicide whilst temporarily insane" is often merely a polite fiction, intended to soften the blow to the relatives of a person who has died by his own hand; but there are occasions when the employment of this formula in the face of evidence which points clearly to a deliberate and reasoned act simply turns the findings of a Coroner's Court into a travesty of the truth.

Such a case has just occurred in Crundale, in Kent, where a man named Wood, who had been given notice because he was suspected of theft by the landlord of the "Man of Kent" public-house, seized a gun, chased his employer out of the yard, and shouting "I'll kill you! I'll give you notice!" bludgeoned him into insensibility with the butt-end of the weapon, and left him for dead in the roadway.

He returned to the house exclaiming "I've done it! I meant to do it, and I'm not sorry!" and immediately drowned himself in a tank, which he closed so that his body should not easily be found.

Although the Coroner pointed out that the man deliberately took his life to avoid being tried for murder, and that nothing could justify the view that he was insane, the jury returned the usual verdict.

Such wilful ignoring of facts shows more sentiment than sense of duty.

PERILS OF PICCADILLY

Respectable Woman's Disgraceful Ordeal

W. S. GILBERT has placed it on record that "a policeman's lot is not a happy one," but it is pleasant compared with that of the innocent victim of his zeal when he makes a mistaken arrest.

Recently, Mrs. Dorothy Kennard, a boarding-house keeper, of 18, Cambridge Street, Marble Arch, was arrested at Piccadilly Circus, taken to Vine Street Police Station, and charged with using "insulting words and behaviour," or, in less euphemistic language, with "soliciting," after the manner of a common prostitute.

The facts of the case, briefly, are as follow: Mrs. Kennard, who, with her husband, "runs" two boarding houses of which she holds the lease, and who is the owner of other house property which she lets, had had a hard day's work; and in the evening, for relaxation, ordered out her own two-seater car for a run to Kingston. She directed her chauffeur to return via Piccadilly.

Pulling up at the corner of Jermyn Street, she alighted. She was denied admittance to the Piccadilly Tube Station ladies' cloak room on the grounds that she was not a passenger; so, after a word to her chauffeur, she proceeded in the direction of a public convenience.

She had not advanced more than a few paces beyond her car when she was stopped by two "plain clothes" policemen, who informed her that it was their duty to arrest her on a charge of accosting a man in a motor.

Scarcely crediting the seriousness of their intention, she suggested that they were joking; but when she realised the unpleasant position she was in, she pleaded with them to return to her car and question her chauffeur. This they refused to do, and conveyed her to Vine Street, where, despite her explanation, she was placed in a cell, while one of the officers who had affected her arrest was sent to find the chauffeur, with whom he subsequently drove back to Vine Street in Mrs. Kennard's car.

She was thereupon released, but ordered to appear in the morning, when she suffered the indignity of being separated from her husband and solicitor who accompanied her, and being herded with all sorts of prisoners, until her case was called.

Needless to say, she was discharged; but it is a crying scandal that an English woman of the highest character and probity should be subjected to such a humiliating experience—for which she can claim no compensation—through the stupidity, or worse, of a couple of constables who, in their eagerness to secure a "case," neglected in the first instance to verify their suspicions.

LUCKY BLACKGUARD

An Amazing Sentence

WHEN William Sims, aged fifty-three, of Redgrave Street, Oldham, was charged with certain offences against two little girls, whose ages were nine and twelve respectively, the evidence against him seemed strong.

In the witness box, however, he denied that he was guilty of the charges, but he made certain important admissions.

He remembered that the girls had been to see him, and that they had seen the photograph of a nigger. He did not recall having made any offensive remarks to the girls, but he admitted that his memory had recently deteriorated.

The circumstantial evidence, therefore, seemed very complete, and it was not surprising that the Bench considered that the charge against him was proved.

In consideration, however, of the fact that he was a prominent worker in local religious and political circles, and that the Rev. F. G. Shepherd, Councillor Bardsley, J.P., and Councillor Schofield, J.P., gave evidence as to his high character, the Bench merely bound him over in the sum of twenty pounds for twelve months!

Surely an amazing sentence!

William Sims is undoubtedly a lucky man, but it is deeply to be regretted that there should be any magistrates who regard the purity of the nation's girlhood so lightly.

Printers' Pie . . .

(Half-a-crown is paid to the sender of every item published. Envelopes must be marked "Pie.")

"REYNOLDS'S NEWSPAPER":—"There was no sun or brightness glinting on their tiny feathered backs. ALL was BRIGHTNESS, DRABNESS, misery."

"DAILY MAIL":—"He hopes to make a flight of 40 miles . . . in a glider, or ENGINELESS aeroplane . . . His machine is equipped with an ENGINE OF LOW HORSE-POWER."

"CHRISTIAN NOVELS":—"All his life Don had looked on HER as just Bee's BROTHER."

"OSSET OBSERVER":—"One of the greatest features of Yorkshire cricket is the way their YOUNG PLAYERS RISE QUICKLY TO FAME. Macaulay is NOT YET 2 YEARS OF AGE."

"SOUTH WALES ARGUS":—"MONDAY'S 27 HOURS' incessant rain represented 420 tons of water to the acre."

"SOUTH WALES DAILY POST":—"The stage was filled with two hundred WELSHMEN from overseas, MOSTLY AMERICANS."

"WEEKLY TELEGRAPH":—"He stroked a great red beard and NODDED GRUFFLY."

"UNION JACK LIBRARY":—"ROARING AND RATTLING in its passage, the train swung SMOOTHLY through the outlying residential suburbs."

"DAILY MIRROR":—"A pretty little hat in NAVY CREAM lace."

"ESSEX WEEKLY NEWS" (advertisement):—"Wanted, superior Small House, about 5 ROOFS."

Impertinent Interviews

by HARRISON OWEN

WHEN the Impertinent Interviewer entered the room, Mr. Shortt was trying on a full-bottomed wig, which, on becoming aware of Bertie's presence, he stuffed hastily into a drawer.

"I didn't hear you knock," observed the Home Secretary testily; "what can I do for you?"

"You could take a great weight off my so-called mind," Bertie informed him, "by assuring me that you won't take a Judgeship when it's offered you, as I understand it will be."

"Your understanding seems to be—er—remarkably acute."

"Well, I wish I was as sure of Ronald True remaining at Broadmoor as I am that you're going to wear a wig like the one you were trying on just now."

"And you don't like the idea of my accepting a Judgeship, eh? You would prefer me to remain at the Home Office? I assure you I appreciate the compliment. It's pleasant to know that *some* discerning persons recognise that my record——"

"Sorry to interrupt," broke in Bertie, "but you misunderstand my attitude. It's not that I think there's no place like the Home, sweet Home Department for you; but—excuse my frankness—I'd rather you remained where you are than become a Judge. There's a chance of shifting you from the Home Office, but once you climb on to the Bench you will be as safe as any blue-blooded murderer who—"

"Really, sir, I must protest against such language!" exclaimed Mr. Shortt. "You are evidently one of those who take a one-eyed view of my action in regard to Ronald True."

"One-eyed, perhaps, but not, thank heaven, Shortt-sighted!" murmured Bertie.

"Cannot you understand that it is my duty to temper justice with mercy?"

"That's what some of us thought in regard to young Jacoby," Bertie told him. "It seems, though, that under your administration the quality of mercy is strained only in favour of the monocled class."

Mr. Shortt adjusted his own monocle and gazed sternly at the Interviewer. "That, sir," he announced, "is a most improper observation."

"Sorry you don't like it," replied Bertie calmly, "but I may not get a chance to say what I think later—you might commit me for contempt of Court! It's not only in connection with the eye-glassed scoundrel at Broadmoor that you

showed less horse sense than one looks for in a candidate for judicial horsehair. . . . ."

"That's enough, sir!" exclaimed Mr. Shortt peremptorily. "The sentence of the Court is that you be hanged by the neck—er—I mean ——"

"Ha, ha! You're a little premature, my jolly old Home Secretary!" cried Bertie. "In imagination you've already taken a Shortt cut to the Bench. However, you needn't summon the Lord High Executioner to empty me out. I'll go. But how you must envy me being able to leave this room of yours without a stain upon my character! We can't all say that, can we, Edward?"

WORKHOUSE WASTE

Bread for Pigs

IT has been left to the Master of the Holbeach (Lincs.) Workhouse to point out to his Guardians the unnecessary waste of bread in that institution.

Some men, it appears, who patronise the vagrancy ward can eat a lot, others a very little. But the Poor Law insists upon an equal ration of bread being served to all. The small eaters usually leave a large proportion of their "hunk" or slice; and in many instances the large eaters do not consume the whole of their allowance, because they are not served with sufficient margarine to cover it.

There can be only one destination for the bread that has been handled and mumbled and left—the swill tub.

The pigs benefit. But the selling price of pigs' swill does not equal the cost of bread. The difference is an unnecessary charge upon the ratepayers.

If the case of Holbeach is multiplied by the number of Unions throughout the country, the result will show an appalling waste of valuable food.

If the Workhouse Masters were given authority to cut up the bread as required—up to a generous limit—this waste would be obviated.

At the same time, we rather fear how a mean Master might exercise his discretion.

The Man who Hadn't a Chance

(Here is a human document from "Humanist's" bag—the story of a fiery old lag who to-day is hungry but defiant; the old Ishmael against whom every hand is turned. There is no man so lowly placed that he cannot appeal to our "Greatest of These" Fund.)

I AM 73, and I will tell you some of my sad history. My father and mother died before I was seven; then came the workhouse. I was there till I was ten—then I escaped. My first offence was stealing a small bottle with a few goodies, valued 1s. 6d. Sentence: 2 months' hard labour in Wakefield Gaol, and 5 years in reformatory. There I learned more evil than good.

In the year 1870, I was in Northampton, destitute. I broke into a little grocery shop, had something to eat, and took about 9s. 6d. in small change. Caught red-handed; sentence: 7 years' penal servitude and 7 years' police supervision. I was sent to Pentonville, served 9 months' separate confinement; removed to Brixton Prison, employed in tailors' shop.

Here I committed an assault upon a warder. Sentence: 36 lashes with the Cat; afterwards removed back to Pentonville and placed in solitary confinement on penal diet (no meat for 90 days), and after that I was placed in the iron restraints for 90 more days, and wore a parti-coloured dress. I was removed to Chatham Convict Prison.

Here, under provocation, I assaulted another warder; sentence: 36 lashes with the Cat, placed in irons and the distinctive dress for six months. At that time there were three knots on each tail—making 27 in all. I was released on the 7th March, 1877. I got no remission of sentence. I evaded the police, only reporting once.

I then enlisted in the East Yorkshire Regiment and served 5 years in India; was in the Afghan Campaign, for which I received a medal. I was discharged in 1887, went to work on the dock-side—stole some wood; sentence: 12 months' hard labour in Hull Gaol. When I came out, a gentleman (I mean a real gentleman, a real Christian), got me a job, and I kept that job for 25 years.

Then a new foreman came and tried to get rid of me, as he thought I was getting too old; so I made an attack on him. At the Assizes, I was sentenced to 18 months' imprisonment in Leeds Gaol. As I write, there is no fire, no coal, and this is the last sheet of paper.

"The Greatest of These——"

(Registered under the War Charities Act as the JOHN BULL War Sufferers' Fund. All cheques should be made payable to the Fund, and donations addressed to the Hon. Secretary, at 93, Long Acre, London, W.C. 2.)

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS.

G. E. Y. (Pinner), £10; Mrs. F. C. (St. Leonards-on-Sea), 5s.; E. W. H. (Edinburgh), 2s. 6d.; A. B. C. (Poplar), 4½d.; "A Mother of Eight," 1s. 7½d.; J. B. R., 11s. 6d.; "A Clerk," 1s. 2d.; "One Ninth," 3½d.; Mrs. C. S. (Chiswick), 1s. 6d.; "Ninther," 1s. 6d.; "Sorry," 1s.; J. D. G., 1s.; Anon. (Hull), 2s. 6d.; Mrs. R. B. (Bristol), 1s.; W. W. (Christchurch), 5s.; "Fiona" (Chester), 1s.; C. B. (Stoke-on-Trent), 1s.; W. M., 8d.; "Jonah," 1s. 4d.; "A Ninth for Luck" (Leamington Spa), 1s.; A. McG. (Paisley), 2s. 10½d.; "A Bullets" Plodder," 6d.; "Pip," 2s. 3d.; "Ninth" (Well Hall), 1s.; "A Kind Heart" (Greenwich), 1s.; P. L., 7s. 4d.; T.W.F. (Pickering), 3s.; "Constant Reader," 1s.; "A Well Wisher," 1s.; "Grateful" (Hampstead), £1 10s.; M. D. C., 1s. 6d.; J. C. (Aberdeen), 2s. 6d.; "Grantham," 3s. 6d.; H.W.B., 2s. 6d.; "Old Sweat" (Cardiff), 1s.; J. B. W. (Paisley), 2s. 6d.; "A Friend," 1s.; W. M. R. (Upper Holloway), 4s.; T. M. (Wadebridge), 1s.; W. O., 2s.; "Happy Sam," 4½d.; R. W. H. (parcel); W. S. J. B. (Tenby), 5s.; H. J. S. (Thornton Heath), 6d.; "Lame Dog," 5s.; H. C. A., 1s.; Mrs. F. D. N. (Worthing), parcel.

THE Summer is waning fast. To the rich and well-to-do, for whom the Autumn has its seasonable delights, the shortening days hold no terrors. But how different for the poor! Scores of such unfortunates come to us for aid, and so long as there is a shot in the locker of our Fund it is theirs. Help us to hand out more ammunition by sending all you can spare to our Fund, to which so many of the desperate poor appeal for help.

The Cesarewitch Horses

ABOUT this time in the year we usually "smell" a horse that is going to play a big part in the back-end handicaps. His merit is advertised at Doncaster, or he runs prominently at York, or he is talked up at Newmarket. I do not see any Yutois in the offing, and although we have all been waiting for Nippon, her continued absence from a race-course does not emphasise her qualities. I shall be very much surprised if Air Balloon isn't the Manton hope for the long-distance race and Tetrabbazia for the Cambridgeshire. Much, of course, depends upon the weights allotted and what happens to St. Louis in the St. Leger. This latter would be an ideal horse for the nine furlongs at Newmarket. A great favourite of mine is Sicyon, and here is one, who, if equitably handicapped, may turn the tables upon Tetrabbazia.

What about Tishy?

Air Balloon is hardly likely to get into the Cesarewitch with anything under 9st., but he is a weight carrier and his performance at Ascot, when he beat Flamboyant, was an excellent one. One will be curious to see what weight the handicappers will give to Tishy. Going strictly on the book, the weights of a few of the entrants should be:—

Devizes 9st. 4lbs.; Air Balloon 9st.; Ballyheron 8st. 7lbs.; Double Hackle 8st. 5lb.; Juniso 8st. 4lbs.; Flint Jack 8st. 1lb.; Tishy 6st. 10lbs.

And Flamboyant?

"Where would you put Flamboyant in the Cesarewitch?" asks a correspondent. I will leave that puzzle to the handicapper's solution. On one bit of Ascot form he is 10lbs. behind Air Balloon, and on another 12lbs. better than Ballyheron. At Newcastle, the latter was about 2lbs. better than Double Hackle, who at Ascot was 13lbs behind Air Balloon. So on one running we have:—

Air Balloon 9st.
Flamboyant 8st. 11lbs.

and on another running, we have:—

Air Balloon 9st.
Flamboyant 8st. 2lbs.

I THINK the collateral running is the more reliable, for when Flamboyant was beaten by Air Balloon, at Ascot, it is certain that Lister would not ride his mount out to the bitter end, especially as he had had a pretty hard race the day before. So that the four lengths beating he had from Air Balloon may be reckoned as a length beating, and I fancy the handicapper will take the same view and will put Mr. Day's horse within 8lbs. of the Manton candidate.

Devizes.

As to Devizes, I am not so sure that I haven't brought Air Balloon and this horse a little too close together. Giving the latter 13lbs., Devizes was beaten into third place at Ascot.

Double Hackle 7st. 3lbs.—1.
Air Balloon 8st. 5lbs. —2.
Devizes 9st. 4lbs. —3.

1 length—4 lengths.

SPORTS and

I VERY much doubt whether those four lengths at 13lbs. represent the relative merits of the two horses. Devizes is one of the most consistent horses in training, and runs to within 3lbs. of his form at every outing. This is curiously noticeable when you size him up through the second-raters against which he has run—Fred Power, Brinklow, Desire, etc. If Devizes has anything like a racing weight he has a big chance, and if he is handicapped on his third to Air Balloon he will most certainly win. Always providing that Tishy isn't the Tishy that Reggie Day thought she was last year.

Owners for Courses.

"So-and-So is always a 10lb. better horse over the Nottingham course," writes a scribe, and ruminates profoundly upon the advantage of backing horses for courses. The truth is, that So-and-So's owner is a thousand pounds heavier backer on one course than another. I give the horse a great deal of credit for intelligence (though the cleverest horse is streets behind the average fox terrier in the matter of brains), but I do not imagine that he is so brainy that he is aware when his owner has put down the stuff. His jockey knows, however.

The Brown Book.

We take a great deal for granted, and week after week hundreds of thousands of people handle "Racing Up-to-Date" without realising what a debt of gratitude we owe to the Hultons for producing the most comprehensive of guides. All the time, there is a steady improvement in this little volume. And not so little, either, for it carries over 300 pages.

Lord Northcliffe and Racing.

I saw Lord Northcliffe racing only once—at Epsom. It was his practice, I believe, to see the Derby run in pre-war days. I asked him why he did not run a stable. "My dear ———," he said, "I never go into any business in which I am at the mercy of my subordinates."

Racing Correspondence.

Years ago, when I was running a newspaper which made a great feature of sport, and particularly of racing, I vowed a vow to my Maker that I wouldn't do so again. Conducting a racing feature exposes a man to a type of correspondence which he could not receive in any other sphere of journalistic activity. There are always six anonymous letters in every week's letter-bag, and usually one pompous jackass epistle from that flaccid type of sportsman who writes like a Foreign Office official inditing a despatch on Armenian atrocities, and thinks like the larrikin he is.

The Tipster Objects.

A hearty curse from the man who has backed a loser one expects, but a letter from a tipster (such as I received this week), who himself advertises under a dozen aliases, complains bitterly that I am taking the bread out of his mouth. Which is comic, remembering that I have tipped four losers in succession. After all, I cannot allow these "... odds to £2" gentlemen to tip *all* the losers!

The Judge.

About once or twice a year, a certain section of the sporting Press hints darkly that it is very nearly time that Judge Robinson retired. Usually, this happens after the Windsor angle has dashed to the ground the hope of a sporting writer, who, imagining that his horse has won comfortably, is distressed to learn that the judge has placed the animal third. Thereupon, he calls Heaven to witness that the judge's eyesight isn't quite as good as it was, and it is about time the old man's successor was appointed.

IN truth, Judge Robinson is not as young as he was. He is I don't know how many Derbies old. But, nevertheless and notwithstanding, his eyes are as keen as the best of us, and I doubt whether he has made a couple of mistakes in his life.

THE time must come when the Jockey Club, in its generosity, will retire the judge on a handsome pension, but if they retired him at this particular moment they might be getting rid of an official they would find some difficulty in replacing.

Judging.

The whole question of judging is one which the Club might very profitably review. Under the present system, it is little short of miraculous that so few mistakes occur, for the judge's box is so situated that in a close finish between three horses bunched together in the middle of the field, the judge must either be a good guesser or must be gifted with superhuman eyesight to discover the exact result.

THE box should be at the same height as the stewards' "look-out" at Newbury and Hurst. And there should stretch across the course the wire which is a feature of the American track. It is humanly impossible for the American judge to make a mistake. He is above the field, and the line of the wire shows him, beyond the danger of error, the distance between even the closest finishers. It is certain that, again and again in the course of the year, there are in England dead-heats between three, and sometimes four horses, which under the present system cannot be detected.

THERE is no more dangerous companion on a race-course than a trainer who takes an optimistic view of his own horses' chances. You have

THE WEEK'S

[The horses in parentheses after the black letter selection are, in their order, alternative tips if the principal selection is absent.]

STOCKTON (WEDNESDAY). — NORTON SELLING HANDICAP: **Ormerod** (Anyway, Euloise). MANDALE SELLING HANDICAP: **Master Shepherd** (Casino, Marcopolis). ZETLAND PLATE: **The Downs** (Roi du Ciel, Tanglewood). HARDWICKE PLATE: **Cos'** (Sweet Peggy). STOCKTON STEWARDS' HANDICAP: **Blue Lady** (Arlington, Felkington). LAMBTON T.Y.O. STAKES: **Pharos** (Rowardennan, Tomaveen).

STOCKTON (THURSDAY). — MIDDLESBROUGH WELTER HANDICAP: **Fordingbridge*** (Orderly, Lembach). WILTON WELTER HANDICAP: **Statuary** (Palomides, Rose des Vents). BILLINGHAM SELLING H'CAP.: **Leprechaun.** DURHAM COUNTY PRODUCE PLATE: **Pondoland** (Craigangower, Indulgence). THORNABY T.Y.O. SELLING: **Three Bridges** (Miss China Keen, Uncle Bones). ELTON T.Y.O. MAIDEN PLATE: **Impetuous** (Ickwell Green, Aquitaine).

BATH (WEDNESDAY). — ROUND HILL SELLING HIGH-WEIGHT HANDICAP: **Heather Cross** (Quartz, Woodchurch).

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SPORTSMEN

By ROWLEY MILE

to back 'em—and, doing so, you feel that you are throwing your money away. What is worst of all, is that he so often puts you off the winner you were going to back. Yet, if you don't back his, up it pops, and you either have to lie and say you've backed it, or annoy him by telling the truth.

WHAT an excellent manager is Jack Jarvis! His three Rosebery winners at Ayr were a triumph. I had no time last week to refer to this achievement, but, stale as is the reference, I must offer my congratulations. The Rosebery colours have been more prominent since Jarvis took charge than they have been for a long time.

HORSES THAT MAY.

POMME ANNA will win a little race now that De Mestre is getting his horses into trim.

CRUISER ARC is certain to win a small sprint. This one is making improvement.

GALWAY PRINCE is one that is sure to pay his way in races over a distance where the class is not too high.

Our Horses to Follow.

Last week, in giving some horses to follow I included Bart Snowball and Son o' Love, both of whom won when JOHN BULL was in the press. Malign influence produced the victory of George Drake in similar circumstances.

Winners.

By the way, we opened last week extremely well with Red Rock (100/8), Royal Enclosure (6/1) and Tetrabbazia.

FOOTBALL.

I am glad to see that the Football Association has taken up the question of the "part-time amateur." He is really the lost-time amateur and he is a peril to amateur sport because he has found a way of merging his status with the forbidden fields of professionalism that he has come to regard himself as immune.

The F.A. has not left any possibility of doubt in this matter. A man who receives a monetary consideration for the time he loses from his ordinary employment, is a professional. Just that and nothing more. He is being paid to play football, just as assuredly as if he employed his time off from the soap works to make glue at the glue factory.

I beg to differ from those superior authorities (whose friends bombard me with offensive letters on another matter) who say that if he were given time off from the soap works (or wherever he was employed) *for the purpose of playing football* and received full pay for that occupation he would not forfeit his amateur status. I disagree entirely. If any employer allows his employee time off for football and pays him for that time off, the employee is virtually hired to play football.

Otherwise, what is to prevent me, an ardent follower of the game and financially interested in an Amateur Club, from employing three tip top amateurs at (say) a tenner a week, and saying "you can work in my factory just when you like and you can play or practice just when you will and I will make no deduction from your wages?"

I hold that it is essential to amateur status that the player should play in his own time and it is not his own time if he is paid for it.

ROWLEY MILESTONES.

I am still awaiting information about that astronomical system.

• • •

There is talk of establishing a race-course near Jerusalem.

• • •

It is extraordinary how little delay there is at the post at a Continental race meeting.

• • •

I repeat "Bet with the men who advertise in the reputable newspapers."

• • •

Answering an enquirer: If an owner declares to win with one horse, the other may be pulled to allow the declared horse to score.

• • •

Have you ever noticed that Mr. J. A. Rothschild never runs a horse on a Saturday?

• • •

Answering another enquiry: A horse may be "warned off" if its behaviour is such as to endanger other horses; or if it is a "dope." Every horse in the forfeit list is practically "warned off."

• • •

The Dukes are having a thin time at racing just now.

• • •

By-the-way, it is quite a long time since the Duke of Portland made his periodical announcement that he was giving up racing.

• • •

I haven't lost all hope of White Bud winning a nice sprint.

• • •

Keep off Happy Man for the Cesarewitch; I repeat this warning.

• • •

What about those Bournemouth and Southend race-course schemes?

• • •

Follow Cottage.

• • •

The French dopers use nitro-glycerine to speed up their horses. This isn't a joke. Nitro-glycerine is a very powerful stimulant.

• • •

By-the-way, I wonder if the Stewards put oxygen in the category of forbidden dopes?

• • •

Somebody described Juniso the other day as "a horse that has been talked up a stone." I think he was right.

• • •

By the law of average, the last week of August and the month of Septen.ber should be the driest on record.

• • •

By-the-way, the Rose des Vents which is running at Ostend is not the horse of the same name in Madden's stable.

SELECTIONS.

BROCKHAM T.Y.O. SELLING: **Miss White** (Sulby, Uncle Bones). COUNTY T.Y.O. PLATE: **Hillman** (Atirovaf, Scorpio). BATH SUMMER HANDICAP: **White Satin** (Broxa, Silvester). SPRINT HANDICAP: **Thelma**** (Long Corrie, Golden Way).

BATH (THURSDAY). — ALL-AGED SELLING: **Pinemarten** (Love Set, Ferdinand). STAND SELLING: **Woodchurch** (Capital, Featherstone). GROSVENOR THREE Y.O. HANDICAP: **Mayfair**** (Alaric). DODDINGTON HIGH-WEIGHT HANDICAP: **Woodford Green** (Crozet, Broxa). SOMERSET FOAL STAKES: **Crescendo** (Sewing Machine, Merrijit).

LEWES (FRIDAY).—LARNACH T.Y.O. PLATE: **Helofajest** (Witty, Springlet). HOUNDEAN SELLING: **Lady Shimmer** (Landorf, Dutchman). JUVENILE SELLING: **Jevington Lass** (Take All, Tunmore). THREE Y.O. HANDICAP: **Otford** (Gallio, Rock Fire).

LEWES (SATURDAY).—MAIDEN T.Y.O. PLATE: **Grace** (Bird Call). CASTLE SELLING HANDICAP: **Cul-de-Sac** (Ilma Demurska, Glen Eagle). SELLING HANDICAP PLATE: **Pinemarten** (Polista, Alector). AUGUST HANDICAP: **Galway Prince** (London Pride, Solace).

Look out for the JOHN BULL MAN!

Sportingalities

THERE is no doubt at all that Wells is the Owen Nares of the Ring. The appearance of the Bombardier under the ropes, his face wreathed in confident smiles, is the signal for such an outburst of frenzied applause as you might expect did Owen appear before an audience selected from the upper forms of England's schools for misses. And when the Bombardier is tenderly assisted (or carried) from the ring, the audience glares savagely at his conqueror and hints at foul play and hypnotic eyes.

The truth is that Bombardier Wells would have been a superlatively good amateur champion of England, and I doubt if any man living or who has lived during the past decade could take his number down. He is a beautiful boxer but a bad fighter. I always feel when I see him pitted against such rough-necks as Beckett that I am watching a match between foil and bludgeon. It is not pretty. To talk about his being cursed with a "yellow streak" is sheer rubbish. He is a sensitive, nervous man (he could hardly be anything else with his temperament), but as plucky a fellow as we have seen fighting for years. No other kind would go into the ring again and again and fight his fight out as Wells does.

The secret of his popularity is that Wells is essentially a gentleman. He lives cleanly, he never boasts, and he fights as cleanly as he lives. You cannot help feeling that he regrets every pang of pain he administers. Therein lies his weakness. And, one might add, his strength as a popular idol. For it is on these graceful little *et ceteras*,

BOMBARDIER WELLS

these half-chivalries, that the affection of his public is founded.

Wells serves a very useful purpose even though he holds no championship. The professional boxer has his value as an exemplar—every champion inspires championship ambitions in the heart of the youth of Britain, which if it does not fructify, at least induces the boys to take up the sport; which, after all, is the real justification for professionalism in any sport.

Wells is not only a great boxer, but he is something of an arbiter of elegance. He is the "tone" of English boxing. I'm not so sure that for tutorial purposes that is not almost as important as being the punch.

MARCANDO won 7/1

was sent to every reader who answered my advertisement in this paper last week for a free trial of the Effective System. Applicants to my previous advertisement in this paper were sent nine runners which resulted in eight winners including Tetrameter won 10/1, Express Delivery won 10/1 and Fordingbridge won 10/1. The last 50 free selections have resulted in 70 per cent. winners.

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Judging from what our correspondents are sending us we shall have a splendid array of winners next week, and above all feel confident we shall reveal 3 BIG JOB WINNERS.
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TOMMY AND JACK

A PAGE FOR EX-SERVICE MEN OF ALL RANKS

Conducted by

Field-Marshal EARL HAIG, K.T., G.C.B., O.M., G.C.V.O., K.C.I.E.

(PRESIDENT OF THE BRITISH LEGION AND REMEMBRANCE LEAGUE)

WHAT have been the reasons contributing to the wonderful success of the British Legion since its inception in July of last year? There are three causes. The first is that the remarkable spirit of unity, established in the nation during the dreadful years of war, was retained by the ex-Service community; the second is that it was founded on a sure basis, the principles of its constitution being such that all can subscribe to its aims and aspirations; and the third reason for its strength is its non-party and non-sectarian attitude which allows it to embrace all within its serried ranks.

BECAUSE of these three cardinal factors, the Legion has been able to develop its organisation surely and steadily, and with the increased strength which it is acquiring week after week, it is able to exert its powerful influence in the protection of the legitimate interests of those who need its help.

THE ex-Service question is not a thing of the past. The position to-day is not so satisfactory as certain quarters would pretend it to be. Unemployment is still very acute. Pensioners, too, are living in a state of uncertainty. While it has been protested that there is no intention to effect economy at the expense of ex-Service men, the attitude adopted in regard to more minor matters shows quite clearly that something more than lip service is wanted to reassure pensioners that their hard-earned awards will not be touched.

EX-SERVICE men feel they deserve well of the nation, and that to reduce their pension and allowances beyond the meagre scale they now receive would be an act unworthy of the great traditions of the country.

Ante-Dated Three Years:—A Somerset man had served his King and Country for 17 years, until he was discharged with a disability pension. He got no award for service, however, and though he made repeated applications for a combined service and disability award, he had no success. After he had exerted all the personal influence that he could, we took up his case, and obtained for him a combined permanent pension at the rate of 17s. 3d. per week.

Advice to Pensioners:—In view of the reduction of the Local War Pensions Committees under the new scheme which is now being brought into operation, the Legion is making arrangements for Pensions Committees to be formed in each of its 2,000 branches. Disabled men and dependants need not therefore suffer, because the Ministry have economised. The Legion is at all times ready to be their guide, philosopher and friend.

Splendid Work Well Done:—The value of the Pensions Department is not so well known as it should be. Since July of last year the Department has dealt with 30,000 cases and enquiries, while 4,180 individual cases on all subjects have been taken up with the Ministry; of these individual cases 2,061 have been brought to a satisfactory conclusion. Splendid service has also been done at the Appeals Tribunal and of the cases supported by Headquarters 71 per cent. have been successful.

A Splendid Record:—In local Government our members take an active share, not only on behalf of ex-service men and women and dependants, but in the interests of the whole community. A good example is the case of the Tadcaster branch, whose nominees obtained four out of five seats on the Rural District Council while on the District Councils nine of its members are serving. On many local committees also it has representation, and the good work the branch is doing is reflected in the many tributes paid to its efficiency.

Naval Prize Awards:—The economy axe has been busy at the Admiralty, but the depleted staff is doing its best in pushing forward the issue of the second portion of the Prize Money. This work, with its vast amount of detail, is a long job, but it should be noted that needy cases can be dealt with promptly, each on its own merits. Those who are in want, and entitled to share in the prize money, should address their applications to the Naval Prize Branch, Cornwall House, Stamford Street, S.E.1.

The Value of "Small Loans":—Many ex-Service men out of work and desperate have been put on the right road to make a living by the timely aid given from the "Small Loans" branch of the Unity Relief Fund. One man from Tooting, who before the war had been a coffin-maker, had been forced to pawn all his tools and was completely deprived of a means of livelihood. With the help of a small loan he recovered these, and was able to recommence his old trade. Another man from Gomersal, eager for work, was financially assisted to start a confectionery business, which is now flourishing.

A Stigma on Ex-Service Men:—It is not right that work, even if only of a temporary character, should be given, as has been done by the Shropshire Horticultural Society, to men who are already well supplied with worldly goods. The work at the recent floral fete could easily have been done quite as efficiently by qualified but unemployed ex-Service men as it was by retired postal and railway officials, or by men of the scholastic profession who were on holiday, with pay. Shrewsbury must shake off the stigma on ex-Service men.

Freed from the Workhouse:—A North London Relieving Officer told our local branch that an ex-Service man and his family were in the workhouse. We could not allow such an unhappy state of affairs to prevail, so we brought him out and arranged with the Guardians to waive any claim they might have against his pension for the time he was in the workhouse. Not only that, but we found the man a room and got him a job at not less than £4 per week. In addition we raised a fund sufficient for him to obtain two further rooms, so that the children could be taken away from the workhouse atmosphere. Further, we got the man's pension doubled.

Poppies for 11th November:—The organisation for Poppy Day is now well developed, and already there are many thousands of the emblems ready for disposal on the memorable 11th November. This year many of the poppies are being made by disabled men, who have quickly acquired great proficiency in the work. Each of the 41 men employed in the factory just off the Old Kent Road is able to turn out 1,000 poppies a day. These diligent workers all suffer from single or double amputations, and had we not provided the money for the establishment of the factory they would no doubt still have been leading a life of unremunerative idleness.

Overlapping Avoided:—The relief given by the Unity Relief Fund is confined to distress arising out of unemployment. It does not deal with disablement or sickness, as help for such cases can be provided by other bodies. The assistance provided by the Fund to the distressed has been given in the form of food tickets, and this practical help has been of immense value to about 250,000 cases.

Ten Hungry Mouths:—Thousands and thousands of ex-Service men would be at their wits' end were it not for the Unity Relief Fund. There is a man in Brighton, who, making a pathetic appeal for help, told us he had ten children, none of whom is working. His sufferings were doubled because of the gap period which prevented his receiving unemployment pay. His sole income was his meagre pension, and it was only when he was on the verge of being down and out that he came to us for help for his kiddies and their mother.

Ministry's Decision Reversed:—A Birmingham man, for two years on the Ypres front, became ill after his discharge, and died, undoubtedly because of his experiences. His widow tackled the Ministry, but she was sent from pillar to post—the authorities holding that the fatal disease was not attributable to war service. By chance she came to us for financial help, and it was then that we heard her sad story. She was given help that got her over her temporary difficulties, and we also fought her case successfully.

Help When Wanted:—During the Great War, a Regimental Sergt.-Major, serving with the famous Fighting Fifth, performed numerous acts of gallantry for which he gained high reward. Despite this splendid record, he cannot find any work, even in such an industrial centre as Tyneside. Workless and destitute—his small pension temporarily stopped—he came to us, and from such funds as we possess we gave him help. To-day he has regained his self-respect and has established a little business which is bringing him a regular income.

Our Daily "Thank You":—Every day letters of gratitude are being received, and one from Southampton which is typical of the others, reads:—"For eighteen months I had been struggling to keep a roof above my head. I thought after all my own efforts and the work of my friends that you would not be successful in my appeal, but your splendid presentation of my case got for me the pension to which I was entitled."

THE "JOHN BULL" GUARANTEE.

We guarantee the goods advertised by every firm whose trade announcement appears in JOHN BULL*—i.e., we hold ourselves responsible for their being of the quality and standard represented at the time of purchase and the date of payment, either in full or of first instalment, and if any reader can show just cause for dissatisfaction with the purchase of any goods made through any trade advertisement in our columns we will refund the purchase-money, provided the goods complained of are sent to us within one week from the date of original purchase, if such is made within one month from the date of this issue. All communications should be addressed to* JOHN BULL, *Advertisement Department, 57, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.*

WHEN WINTER COMES

The Winter of your discontent
because you cannot carry off the

BIG PRIZES in PICTURE PUZZLE COMPETITIONS and NEWSPAPER LITERARY COMPETITIONS!

DON'T DESPAIR—

WE PUBLISH THREE VALUABLE HANDBOOKS

So that you may solve them yourself and capture the

BIG PRIZES!!!

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THE
"SOLVER'S SEARCHLIGHT."

AN ILLUSTRATED BOOKLET containing **4,000 References.**

Read this:—

Stockport.

"I must thank you for the great assistance your **'Solver's Searchlight'** gave me in Pearson's Picture Puzzle. . . .

"Gained the First Prize of £500."

H. W.

2

"THE GATE-WAY TO FORTUNE"
or
"COMPETITIONS SIMPLIFIED."

Read this:—

"I have read and re-read **'The Gateway To Fortune,'** by 'Preceptor,' and I shall read it again many times, because I believe it to be the best booklet of its kind I have ever encountered. It will prove a 'Guide, Philosopher, and Friend' to all who would succeed by their own initiative. It deserves every success."

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3

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Do you keep a record of your expenditure in Competitions? If not, start now.

This Book is specially prepared for recording—

COMPETITION ENTERED – –
EXAMPLE – – – – – –
SOLUTION – – – – – –
No. OF P.O. – – – – –
AMOUNT SPENT – – – –
RESULT– – – – – – –
PROFIT AND LOSS – – –

Every Competitor Should Have One.

To Readers of "John Bull" the whole Set of Three
TWO SHILLINGS & SIXPENCE (post free) from—

The GATE-WAY PUBLISHERS, 27, St. Paul's Chambers, LONDON, E.C.4.

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WONDERFUL BARGAIN.

DON'T MISS THIS.

YOURS for 1/-

500 FULL HUNTER WATCHES OFFERED TO "JOHN BULL" READERS ON UNHEARD OF BARGAIN TERMS.

READ OUR BRIEF DESCRIPTION AND WONDERFUL OFFER.

1/- DEPOSIT

Gents' Full Size (7 Medal) Full Hunter Watches. Heavy Solid Silvered Cases, High Grade Movement. Accurately adjusted and perfect timekeepers. Dust and damp proof. Each watch fully guaranteed for 5 years. Sent on receipt of 1/- deposit. **AFTER** receipt you pay 2/- and 2/- monthly until only 20/- is paid. Gents' Handsome Double Pocket-to-Pocket Albert is given **FREE**, upon completion of Regular Payments. Cash Price only 18/6, which together with **FREE DOUBLE ALBERT** makes

The Greatest Bargain Ever Advertised.

Send P.O. or Stamps NOW to the

WOBURN WATCH CO. (Dept. 89),
Woburn House, STORE ST., LONDON, W.C.1.

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OF SHEFFIELD

Write for patterns, post free, of Overcoats, Suits, Costumes, Paletots, Raincoats, Mackintoshes, etc., or Catalogues of Footwear, Wool Search, Drapery, Ladies' & Children's Clothing, Sheffield Cutlery, Gramophones and Records, Tea & Dinner Services, Bedsteads, Bedding, Sewing Machines, Cycles, Tyres, Carpets and Lino, Poultry & Appliances, etc. Grand values.

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FREE "The Joy of Life."

This valuable health guide will show you how to enjoy buoyant health 365 days in the year without medicine or special exercises—how to get well and keep well, how to have a pure blood stream and contented nerves. Send 1½d. stamp for postage to

Mr. J. B. SCOTT,
47, Huddlestone Road, London, N.W.2

Ulcerated Leg

Caused Acute Pain and Defied Treatment. Soothed and quickly healed by Germolene.

Mrs. Lloyd, 3, Copleston Road, Llandaff, near Cardiff, says: "From a bruise on my leg, which I suppose got poisoned, an ulcer formed, which deepened and spread, causing great pain. Soon I could do nothing but sit and nurse the leg while housework went undone. At night I couldn't sleep for pain, and often came down at four in the morning to dress the ulcer in hope of relief. I had been trying all sorts of things, but there was no improvement. But in the end, I got Germolene, and can say it worked wonders. The pain all went out of my leg, and I could see the wound closing up daily. I took Germolets, too, for my blood, and they hastened the cure greatly. I had suffered for six months altogether, but Germolene soon cured completely, though everything else had failed."

Mrs. Lloyd.

Germolene is matchless as a remedy for

Eczema	Piles	Skin Eruptions	Pimples
Psoriasis	Itching	Cuts and Burns	Chapped Hands
Rashes	Ulcers	Ringworm	Chilblains

and all cut, bruised, itching, or ulcerated surfaces.

SOOTHES AT A TOUCH!
Awarded Gold Medals and Diplomas at 4 Leading International Exhibitions.

Price 3/- per tin, 1/3 the smaller size. From Chemists and Stores everywhere.

Germolene
The Aseptic Skin Dressing

Germolene is manufactured in the same splendidly equipped laboratory as Dr. Cassell's Tablets, under the control of skilled chemists, from the purest ingredients, by
The Vese Drug Co., Ltd., Manufacturing Chemists, Manchester, Eng.

"GRASSHOPPER" POSITIVELY CURES.

'GRASSHOPPER' OINTMENT

Possesses such remarkable penetrative and curative powers that it never fails to cure all cases—however serious or long standing—of Bad Legs, Varicose Ulcers, Fistula, Piles, Carbuncles, Boils, Ringworm, Poisoned Wounds, etc. "Grasshopper" goes to the root of the trouble, brings the disease to the surface and heals from underneath.

NO HOUSEHOLD should be WITHOUT A BOX for it is invaluable for Cuts, Burns, Abrasions, Stings, etc. Of all Chemists and Drug Stores. Home price 3/- per box, smaller size 1/3 or direct from ALBERT & CO., 36, North Road, Holloway, London.

Spoiling Marriage

MANY ruin their chances of a happy marriage through ignorance of dangers. Free information and advice can be obtained from the National Council for Combating Venereal Diseases. 34a, Avenue Chambers, Vernon Place, Southampton Row, London, W.C.1.

Everyone should possess the "Welfare Library" (7 books on social subjects), 1/3 post free.

"QUALITY AND FLAVOUR"

BOURNVILLE COCOA

MADE UNDER IDEAL CONDITIONS

SEE THE NAME "Cadbury" ON EVERY PIECE OF CHOCOLATE

12/6 Monthly

is all you pay for our No. 200A Model "Marvel"—the finest cycle ever offered on such exceptionally easy terms. Brilliantly plated; richly enamelled; lined in colours. Sent packed free carriage paid on 15 DAYS' FREE TRIAL. Fully warranted. Money refunded if dissatisfied. Big bargains in factory soiled models. Tyres and accessories 33⅓% below shop prices. Write TO-DAY for testimonials and illus. art catalogue.

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Assets Exceed - £1,000,000
Premium Income Exceeds £450,000
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Managing Director,
LEONARD ALDRIDGE.

RHEUMATISM
CURED QUICKLY AND EFFECTIVELY.
SIX YEARS IN BED. NOW WALKING ABOUT.

READ THIS REMARKABLE LETTER:

Mrs. Annie Morris, of 8, Deal Street, Whittlefield, Burnley, writes:—

"Dear Sir,—My Mother was a sufferer from Rheumatism for ten years, confined to bed six years out of the ten and had to be washed and dressed and fed by myself. One day when reading the paper she saw Urace advertised and felt she would like to try them. I bought her four small boxes and was surprised to find her standing on her feet after the fourth box. She kept on with them and now, I am glad to tell you, she is going about the house just nicely and is able to get up and down stairs and goes to the Pictures once a week. People round about are quite taken back when they meet her and say they never thought of seeing her about again after all these years in bed. I would very much like you to make use of this letter to give all other sufferers a chance—Any person is open to write or call and see my mother and find out what I have said in this letter is quite true."

Scientists were years searching for a specific which would dissolve and drive Uric Acid from the system, and only recently a compound known to doctors and chemists as URACE was finally produced and brought to perfection.

URACE, and URACE alone can cure Rheumatism. Nothing is more certain than that. It cures on a new and common sense principle. It directly attacks the cause of Rheumatism, Uric Acid, dissolves and expels it from the system and prevents its reappearance. That is why it CURES and CURES QUICKLY.

1/3, 3/- & 5/- per box

From Boots (600 Branches), Timothy White Co., Taylor's, Selfridge's, Whiteley's, Harrod's and all Chemists and Stores, or direct for remittance from the URACE Laboratories, 75, Woburn House, Store Street, London, W.C.1.

URACE TABLETS

THE ACKNOWLEDGED REMEDY FOR
Neuralgia Rheumatism Nerve Pains
Lumbago Cramp Kidney Troubles
Gout Backache Sciatica

MONEY FOR THE MILLION

by Our Financial Editor

The Thirteenth Conference.

The break-down of the reparations conference upset the stock and share markets all round, and the cheerfulness previously apparent "I melted like snow in the glance of the Lord." At the same time international exchanges became unhinged and the mark went practically to Kingdom-come. I hope now that some of my readers will thank me for warning them against purchasing German currency.

Rubber Micawbers.

Rubber has got down to sixpence three-farthings a pound and the share market is correspondingly depressed. The companies are ready with a rich reward for the man who will suggest new uses for their abounding supplies. Restriction of output has not solved the problem, and it remains doubtful how far the Dutch growers will co-operate in a general movement to stabilise the market. I suppose the majority of rubber shareholders must hold on in hopes of something turning up, but there is no inducement for anyone to join their ranks.

Kaffir Doubts.

The Kaffir market proved brittle enough under the political test applied to it last week. In my opinion the recent upward move has been engineered with the idea that the public may be tempted to take a hand at the higher levels in the autumn. Every favourable factor has been boomed—and there *are* favourable factors—but I see no present evidence of public buying. A very little selling would take the "pep" out of the market, and it is so easy for the experts to account for a slump. An advance in the Bank Rate would do it, and that may happen before long.

A Tin Speculation.

The price of tin is gradually rising as trade improves, and I think it is time for the speculative investor to turn his attention to Tin mining shares. The Bisichi, a Nigerian concern, had a good dividend record until the business slump began in 1920, and I believe its prosperity will return pretty soon, for its direction and management are excellent. For a lock-up, then, I recommend Bisichi 10s. shares at their present level of about 5s. 3d.

Courtaulds.

The market in Courtaulds Ordinary has lately been quite strong, the price rising to about 50s. Last year the dividend was 11¼ per cent. free of income tax, equivalent to 15 per cent. less tax. The yield, therefore, is not very high, but there are possibilities. In August, 1921, the interim distribution was 5 per cent. The interim paid a few days ago was 6¼ per cent., indicating that the total for the current year may be an improvement on that for last.

Motor-Coaching

The Samuelson Transport Co. has not been long in getting into difficulties. Only a year ago it offered 100,000 10 per cent. tax-free cumulative participating Preference shares to the public, and the response amounted to about two-thirds of the offer. Perhaps the terms looked too much like a bait. The bad summer is blamed for the trouble which has caused the appointment of a receiver. The proceedings appear to be friendly enough, and I hope the company may weather the storm.

Shares on Hire Purchase.

An increasing number of wide-awake merchants are peddling shares for sale on the instalment plan and my letter bag shows that they are meeting with some success. It is a pity, because it indicates that the very small investor is being caught in the trap and is probably saving up his coppers and his shillings, month by month, to buy rubbish which will never return a dividend, and which he will never be able to sell. For such good people the only sane investment is the National Savings Certificate. Everyone should own 500 of these before he considers anything else.

Put and Call.

Many of my readers seem anxious to deal in options, influenced by circulars received from various firms of outside brokers. I strongly advise them to resist the lures of these gentry. In nine cases out of ten they will lose, because the cards are stacked against them, and in the tenth case, supposing they win, they will probably not get their money—sometimes not even by process of law, for the bucket-shop keeper is a migratory bird, with many nests and as many high-sounding aliases.

The House Famine

Shows no signs of abating and "heroes" and others are still tramping the streets looking for a roof for their heads. In fact, a roof these days is worth its weight in gold—which prompts the remark that, once having got one, it were a pity not to insure it against fire or floods, especially when JOHN BULL insures it free. May we again call attention to the forms on page 2.

BREAD AND BUTTER ECONOMICS

by SIR LEO CHIOZZA MONEY

9.—*Dear Coal and Cheap Miners*

TWO guineas a ton for Derby Brights and starvation wages for miners! It is an unhappy contrast. Why is it that while the men who get the coal have been beaten down to a low standard of life, the householder has to pay heavily for coal, and British industry suffers severely from costly power?

In the first place, the coal industry is hit by a greatly reduced call for its output which follows from the world-depression of trade. In addition to that general cause, the British mines are specially and directly assaulted by the terms of the Treaty of Versailles, *which compel Germany to supply free coal to our best customers.* Before the war we sold in a year to France 13 million tons, to Italy 10 million tons, and to Belgium 2 million tons. As these three countries now receive indemnity coal from Germany, they have small need for ours, and thus our coal-mines and and our shipping alike suffer because "Germany pays."

Reduced output means that standing charges per ton of coal are much higher than before the war. Coal thus made dearer in spite of reduced wages, reacts upon trade and further depresses it. A very vicious circle.

The heavy cost of transporting coal is also an important item. High railway rates stand between the coal-mines and prosperity. In the case of Household coal, the costs of distribution are much too high.

Mr. Justice Sankey, the Chairman of the Coal Commission, appended to his Interim Report in March, 1919, a table showing how Derby coal was then raised in price from 21s. 2d. per ton, as it came from the pit, to 44s., the household price. Screening the coal at the pithead cost 2s. 3d., making the screened price 23s. 5d., leaving as much as 20s. 7d. per ton to account for.

This 20s. 7d. was made up of railway rates, 6s. 3d.; wagon hire, 1s. 6d.; coal factor's charge, 4d.; retail merchants' charges, 12s. 6d.

All the Coal Commissioners agreed that coal distribution was too costly, and called for reform. Even the separate Coal Owners' Report, while it opposed nationalisation, made the following recommendation:—

"*We recommend that local authorities should be given statutory powers to deal in household coal, not as a monopoly, but in competition with private dealers or co-operative effort, subject to the provision that any losses sustained in such dealing shall not be chargeable to the rates.*"

British wealth was built on cheap coal, which produced the power to export. Between waste at the mines and waste on our railways we are making the worst of our most precious asset.

"OUT OF THE DEPTHS"

Discharged Prisoner's Despairing Plight

JAMES ROSE is not quite the sort of man who would be welcome in a Mayfair drawing room. He is not even what you would call a rough diamond. Many would be inclined to describe him as an utterly bad lot, though no doubt, buried deep beneath his rugged exterior, there is the crystal of carbon that lies in every human heart.

He has no permanent place of abode at present. Until recently he was a guest of His Majesty at Wormwood Scrubs, but since leaving that mansion he has been a wanderer on the streets of London.

At a glance he strikes one as a man of unsettled temperament. One would say that when he was nice he was very, very nice, but when he was nasty he was horrid. He has his full share of the failings of his class. From time to time he has been inclined to drink to excess, and he possesses, or is sometimes possessed by, an ungovernable temper.

For years he and his wife have been at loggerheads together. They have lived a cat and dog life, and frequently their quarrels have ended in physical violence. His wife has worked hard—he admits that—but she is of a nagging disposition, and has given him little rest. She must have loved him once, but she does not seem exactly the type of woman to be a helpmate to a man whose disposition inclined him towards the downward path.

One night, in a drunken frenzy, he set fire to her bed. He was tried at the Old Bailey for arson. His wife gave him a terrible character, and he was sentenced to twelve months' hard labour.

When he came out of prison a few weeks ago, he made his way to his home at Homerton. His wife was out, and he sat down on the doorstep to await her return. When she came back late at night she refused to admit him, and went for the police and had him turned away.

For four nights in succession he sought shelter there, and was removed in the same manner. Then he went to the local Police Superintendent, who told him to go home—that he could not be turned out. He went back, and was driven off with curses by his own sons.

The Prisoners' Aid Society helped him with a little money, and he went to a common lodging house, but when they proposed to provide him with tools his wife said he would only pawn them, and the grant was withdrawn.

What hope is there for a man in such a predicament?

He has expiated his wrong-doing, but just when he most needs a helping hand nothing but a career of crime seems left open to him.

"MRS. SLUDGE," THE MEDIUM

Female Charlatan Still Operating

MRS. SIDNEY WRIGHT, or, alternatively, Mrs. Olive Starl Bush, or Mrs. Starl Wright (to use her several names) of 10, Monmouth Road, Westbourne Grove, Bayswater, W., may not claim as did Glendower, to "call spirits from the vasty deep," but she undertakes, by some sort of hocus-pocus, to draw them down to the terrestrial plane.

Her professional—or perhaps we should say business—card appears in the advertisement columns of the current issue of the *Psychic Gazette*; from which it reasonably may be adduced that she is open to offers for the exercise of her mediumistic, talismanic, and *clairvoyant* powers, and other mumbo-jumbo, for the edification, mystification, or ingannation of deluded clients.

This woman's spiritist activities have been of interest to us for some considerable time; but the last occasion on which she came prominently before our notice was on the 24th January last, when, at a Chelsea studio, she made herself prominent in a spiritualistic *seance* which culminated in a fiasco.

So little success rewarded Mrs. Wright's convulsive efforts at this wierd and wonderful meeting, that it is a matter of astonishment that there should remain even one individual sufficiently credulous as to retain a shred of belief in her self-claimed occult powers.

She declared that she was sometimes "possessed" by a little Assyrian girl who, unfortunately, was "a frivolous little thing." To this disembodied Assyrian "flapper," however, she pretended to submit her will, and simulated the part of a medium for the delivery of a farrago of utter balderdash in broken English, which must have been painfully wearisome to any person of intelligence.

Her efforts to call up—or down—spirits, defunct relatives of those present, by handling articles belonging to members of her audience, met with the usual failure, which she attempted to explain away.

It would appear that, undaunted by her past failures, Mrs. Sidney Wright is still practising her "profession." There can be no other explanation for the appearance of her advertisement in the *Psychic Gazette*. That she is a disinterested worker in the "cause" of spiritualism we have reason to doubt. Indeed, we go so far as to say that she is a modern, female edition of Robert Browning's "Mr. Sludge, 'The Medium,'" who, it will be recalled, justified his charlatanism by asking:

> "If such as came for wool, sir, went home shorn,
> Where is the wrong I did them?"

GREATEST BARGAINS EVER OFFERED.

This is not a catchpenny offer but a genuine undertaking to supply goods as advertised under double guarantee,
IF YOU ARE NOT SATISFIED YOU DO NOT PAY.

Sellwyn's Footwear is guaranteed. It is reliable and worn throughout the World. Sellwyn's have so much confidence in the quality and fitting of every pair of Shoes sent out that they will willingly refund Purchase-money and postage in full without question or quibble if you are not satisfied.

LADIES' SHOES
PER PAIR **8/6** Post 9d.
Any 2 pairs 16/-, Post 1/3

Discriminating Buyers should note that Sellwyn's Ladies' Shoes are real Glace KID, not the Shoddy substitute known as Glace, with real bend leather soles, leather insoles and stiffeners. The Men's and Boys' Footwear is similarly guaranteed all leather, with real bend soles.

LOOK at these astounding BARGAINS and send your ORDER NOW. You are also covered by the "John Bull" Guarantee.

No. 126. Double Cross Bar Shoe. A popular model. Sizes 2 to 7

No 173. Ladies' Box Brogue Shoe. Very strong but light. Sizes 2 to 7.

No. 121. Gibson Shoe. Also with Low heels. Style No. 110. Sizes 2 to 7.

No. 24. Pretty Tie Shoe. Dainty and well fitting. Sizes 2 to 7.

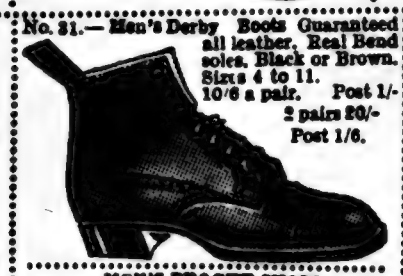
No 127 Three Buckle Shoe. Easy fitting. Very Smart. Sizes 2 to 7

ARMY PATTERN KIP BOOT

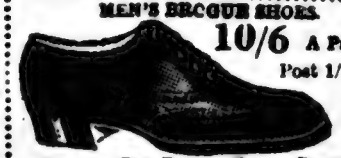
14/6
Postage 2/-.

No. 2.—Army Pattern Kip Boot. Guaranteed all leather, stitched and screwed. The strongest boot ever made. Suitable for the hardest and roughest wear in all climates.

No. 31.—Men's Derby Boots Guaranteed all leather. Real Bend soles. Black or Brown. Sizes 4 to 11. 10/6 a pair. Post 1/- 2 pairs 20/- Post 1/6.



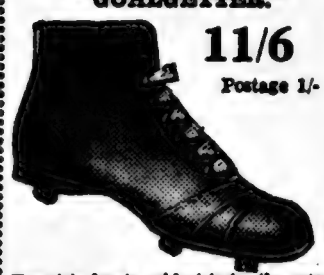
MEN'S BROGUE SHOES.
10/6 A Pair.
Post 1/-.



No. 35.—Box Brogue Shoe, Guaranteed all leather. Black or Brown. Bend soles Sizes 4 to 11. Two pairs, 20/- Postage 1/6

A STARTLING BARGAIN
Sellwyn's Famous "GOALGETTER."

11/6
Postage 1/-



Equal to boots sold at twice the price. Uppers waterproof russet leather; hardened toe-cap, preventing kinking. Specially designed soles with rounded edges, with narrowed waist, giving great strength and support Boys' sizes 11 to 1, 9/6. Youths. 2 to 5, 10/6. Postage 1/-.

LADIES' HIGH LEG BOOTS.

No. 4.—Ladies' Real Glace Kid High-Leg Boots. Uppers 10 inches high. Patent Toe-caps. Guaranteed all leather sole, insole and stiffeners Real Bend Soles. Very smart and stylish. Sizes 2 to 7.

14/6
postage 1/-

No. 8.—Ladies' Boots. Low-Leg Real Glace Kid Uppers. All leather sole, insole and stiffener. Cuban heel. Postage 1/-. Price **12/6**

14/6
post 1/-.
2 pairs **28/-**
post 1/6

South African Field Boot. Not Government rejects, but brand new and perfect boots, made to the pattern of the famous South African Field Boot. Guaranteed all leather, double soles stitched and screwed. Tack or Brown. Sizes 4 to 11.

SELLWYN'S *Specialists in Boots and Shoes of Quality at Factory Prices,* **31, DUKE STREET, E.C.3.**
(Near Fenchurch Street Station).

CORRESPONDENTS ARE REQUESTED NOT TO SEND ORIGINAL DOCUMENTS, *as they are liable to be mislaid.*
Replies by post will be sent whenever possible.
LETTERS *must be addressed to the Editor. No fee is charged in respect of inquiries. Full name and address should be given—not necessarily for publication.*

EVERY week we give a guinea for the letter which tells the most human story of hard luck. In respect of our last issue, that sum has been forwarded to the sender of the information on which we based the paragraph entitled "Persecuting the Helpless." But don't write only for the guinea. Tell us your troubles—ask us questions. We do not deal flippantly except with flippant writers. There is a world of sympathy and understanding in the men who conduct the "Letter Bag." Write soon and write often.

H. L. (Camberwell).—"Is there a good guide to matrimony?" Millions, and quite a lot of them pretty.

PACIFIC (Chesterfield).—"After all, there isn't likely to be any more wars." Not for a week or two at any rate.

A. B. (Leckhampton).—"We must find a *modus vivendi* for France." We haven't got it.

TALKATIVE (Thanet).—"There is more evil gossip here than you wot of." We haven't even been wotting.

HIGHBROW (Leicester).—"May I offer you my congratulations upon your good taste?" You may.

HUMORIST (Hounslow).—"I laugh very easily." You must have been the man we saw at the first night of "Snap."

MORBID (Claygate).—"We must look at the awful possibilities—not only at the pleasant ones." If by "we" you include us, you're wrong.

REPROACHFUL (Lewis).—"Why do you always joke in your Letter Bag?" Get thee to Bisley, 'twas a bad shot, sir. We do but return a Bull for a Magpie.

PLAYFUL (Bristol).—"Don't you think that men are touchy with their wives?" We know no more than that they are frequently touched.

NAUTICAL (Walsall).—"What sort of a fish is a porpoise?" A very queer fish, so queer that it isn't a fish at all, it's a mammal.

UNFORTUNATE (Carlisle).—"Since I have been married I have made many mistakes." The biggest seems to have been made on your wedding day.

DANCER (Loughborough).—"Is there an opening in London for a figure dancer?" Depends entirely upon the figure you have and the figure you want.

PROFESSIONAL (Sonning).—"There are thousands of good actors who would be glad of £3 a week." And hundreds of bad actors who are getting more.

MARKETTER (Padstow).—"*Re* cruelty to cattle. You are stuff and nonsense." We admit that we are stuff, but deny the remainder of the charge.

STRUGGLER (Hendon).—"The workhouse isn't such a bad place." From the outside, no. And that's the only side for a self-respecting man to see it from.

FILM FAN (Buxton).—"Can you tell me why Charles Ray always takes the part of a silly boy?" Because apparently it is the only part he can play.

L. T. (North Waltham).—"I find that men are very susceptible to flattery." This is news to us.

AMBITIOUS (Sandown).—"I often read your paper with interest." Heaven bless you, sir, for them kind remarks.

MANNEQUIN (London, S.W.).—"Women spend far less nowadays on dress." And wear less, apparently.

TAFFY (Llandudno).—"No joke about Welshmen, please." We tremble and obey.

CHESS-PLAYER (Seaton).—"Is there any older game in the world than chess?" Yes, courting.

UNTOUCHED (Rochdale).—"Love has never come to me." Doesn't like your face, probably.

LOAFER (Swindon).—"Give me the open road and pipe o' baccy!" Do you want any matches?

TACITURN (Poole).—"My neighbours think that I am stuck up because I never speak." Whistle to them and show 'em you're a democrat.

MODISH MARION (Oxford Street).—"A woman can dress well for £150 a year." And a whole family can live for the same sum.

FLIGHT (Rochdale).—"When this reaches you I shall be married." This is the only important fact that emerges from your somewhat incoherent epistle.

G. C. S. (Holyhead).—"How strange it will be when there is no Irish question." Which means that there will be no Ireland.

MAGGIE (Leicester).—"When days are drear and leaves are sere." The leaves of your poem lie merely in our dreary ash-pan.

GUSHING (Huddersfield).—"I think a girl who falls all over you is repulsive, don't you?" Girls never fall over us except in the tube.

SPORTY BOY.—You must send a stamped and addressed envelope to the Financial Editor, and he will reply by post.

VOLTAGE (Bristol).—"Are tram wires dangerous?" Well, they've never been known to reach down and bite anyone, but we understand that, under certain conditions, they are able to kick.

NO CHICKEN (Basingstoke).—"I wonder if I shall regret marrying so late in life." We wonder too. Everybody in the office is sitting about, wondering.

P. T. R. (Hatlock).—"When does the Prince come of age?" Never again.

ANGLER (Dundee).—"The Tay is the finest fishing river in the kingdom. Deny it!" Don't try to bully us, sir.

MOLE (Littlehampton).—"I suspect that my friend's wife is not true to her husband. What should I do?" Keep out of other people's business, nosey.

TRANQUIL (Marseilles).—"It is glorious here. But alas! We cannot get JOHN BULL." Then how the dickens can it be "glorious"?

PREVARICATOR (Kingston).—"Is a lie ever justified? I ask this because I have recently told one." Your sad news distresses us.

LANDLUBBER (Bude).—"To me, the sea is just a vast expanse of water." What did you expect—a vast expanse of beer?

VISITOR (Kingswear).—"I am told the moon is a potent factor in the weather." They'll tell you anything round about Kingswear.

LADY'S MAN (Brixton).—"A man should be able to keep his woman friends after marriage." It is more important that he should keep his wife.

AMATEUR SCULPTOR (South Coast.)—"Honestly, do you go mad about Epstein's work?" No; all our madness is reserved for readers who forget to put stamps on their letters.

ORGANIST (Guildford).—"Only an organist! How often you hear people say that!" Personally you are the first to emphasise the loneliness of your calling.

BEARDED (Burton-on-Trent).—"It is disgraceful, this 'beaver' cry. Have we no respect for grey hairs?" You seem to have. Cultivate a sense of humour—*Beaver!*

GREY EYES (Hatfield).—"What is the very best trade for a man who likes to work at home?" There are several—backing horses; house-parlourmaid; jumper knitting and collecting stamps.

TRAVELLER (Birkenhead).—"I want to tell you a great joke." We have carefully read your 8 pages of horrible writing without discovering any cause for merriment.

RAPID (Ludlow).—"Is there any infallible cure for hiccups?" Drink from the furthest edge of a full tumbler, so that your chin is in the water you drink.

INQUIRER (Ilfracombe).—"Bullets" is nearly ten years old.

CURIOUS (——).—"Is 'Humanist' Mr. George R. Sims?" No, sir.

P. S. (Newark).—"In nineteen cases out of a hundred, women are to blame." Surely you mean 99 cases out of 20?

H. B. W. (Crewe).—"My aunt is supposed to be 112—the oldest woman in the world." Congratulations and incredulity.

THINKER (Worcester).—"In the hurry of life we do not stop to ponder on the future." Whoof! Platitudes of this character always make us bark.

BEN (Newquay).—"I find a great difficulty in talking business with women." You will find that women are not so diffident.

TORTOISE (Yarmouth).—"I have walked 1,022 miles since Easter." So have thousands of other people. It is about 11 miles a day.

FREE LANCE (Dublin).—"I am sick of this country." Come and join the "Sick of Ireland Club." You'll be the 200-millionth member.

PROUD (Stoke-in-the-Wold).—"I have not written to her again though probably she is suffering." It is more likely she has another young man.

INDISCREET (Peterboro').—"Can a man be locked up for opening his employer's private letters?" He can be kicked—and deserves to be.

ROAD HOG (Weymouth).—"I am frankly an obstructing cyclist. I glory in making motorists mad." Stout fellow! Are you insured?

SARCASTIC (Yeovil).—"I have no doubt that the staff of JOHN BULL think they are brilliant fellows." As you have no doubt, there is nothing for us to do but smile agreeably.

SUGGESTIVE (Cowes).—"The modern American picture play is not fit for children to see." And the average modern English play is not fit for adults. Let's all stay away.

THANKFUL (Barrow-in-Furness).—"Every time I open my JOHN BULL I am grateful to 'Humanist.' He has saved me days of heartache and nights of misery." You are one of many.

GOLD COIN (Canterbury).—"Does gold on the Continent fetch more than paper money?" No, less, curiously enough. A "Fisher" is worth about a halfpenny more than a golden sovereign.

ARTISTIC JOHNNY (Bolton).—"Can outsiders hang their pictures in the Academy?" Happily, yes. If the space was confined to Academecians it would be immensely dull.

SALLY (Barnsley).—"May I ask you a delicate question?" Turning over your letter with feverish haste, we were disappointed to learn that you wanted to ask us if you were too old to marry. No woman is.

CHANCE IT (Monte Carlo).—"I have made 5,000 francs from an initial bet of one franc." Unfortunately we happen to know that the lowest stake at the tables is 5 francs. Otherwise we are impressed.

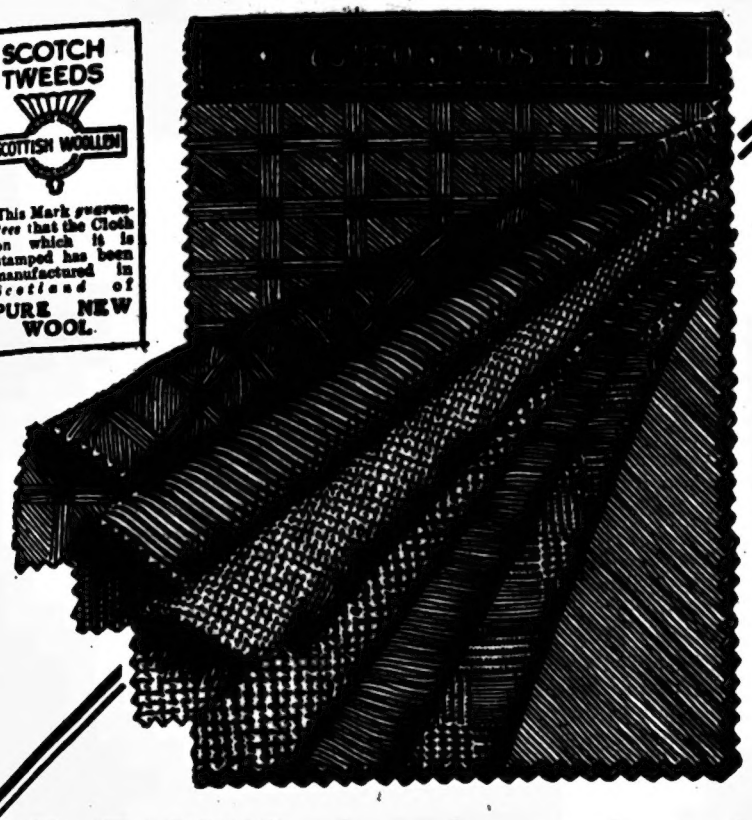
S. A. F. (Sheffield).—"When I got my husband to sign the coupon for the JOHN BULL Insurance, he told me that some of the things you insured against were not likely to happen, especially that about floods (£100 benefit), yet here I am sending you in a claim for that very thing." We always did say that JOHN BULL's benefits were real, not imaginary ones; moreover, through no other paper in the world would it be possible to claim against damage of this kind. Your husband should guess again.

(*More Replies on page* 26.)

There is nothing you cannot tell to "HUMANIST"

He is the recipient of the heart-aching secrets of thousands of men and women. He is the man you can tell all that you hesitated to confess to your lawyer. Write to him—mark your letters "Humanist." He cannot get work for you or borrow money for you. He can help you in almost every other way.

SCOTCH TWEEDS
SCOTTISH WOOLLEN
This Mark guarantees that the Cloth on which it is stamped has been manufactured in Scotland of PURE NEW WOOL.



FREE PATTERNS of the cloths with self measure form and fashion book will be sent free of charge if you fill in the coupon below. By means of our measure form, a perfect fit is assured under our guarantee (backed by JOHN BULL) that cash in full is refunded if the suit does not give entire satisfaction.

Great CLEARANCE SALE

of the Branded

SCOTTISH WOOLLEN

Scotch Tweed Suitings

SUIT TO MEASURE for £3 No Extras
(Real Value £6 - 6 - 0)

HAVING cleared several stocks of Scotch Tweed Suitings, all bearing the above mark, from some of the Best Scotch Mills, at considerably BELOW COST OF PRODUCTION, we are in a position to make the above record value offer.

The quantity of cloth being limited, the offer is open

for 14 Days only.

All these cloths are guaranteed to be made in Scotland from pure new Virgin Wool and to be free from shoddy or any foreign admixture.

They comprise medium and dark grey Cheviots, medium and dark brown, Heather and mixture Tweeds, suitable for business, sports and ordinary wear. It is impossible to describe the beauty of many of the shade blendings of these materials, which must be seen to be fully appreciated.

FREE PATTERNS, together with self-measure chart, fashion booklet, tape measure, etc., sent POST FREE on request.

To those who have already enjoyed the luxury of a Scotch Tweed Suit made from these branded materials the value of our offer will make an immediate appeal. For those who have not yet essayed a suit made from these charming cloths, there is a pleasure in store, that will make them reluctant to wear any but these Branded Scotch Tweeds in the future.

A suit from any of these Cloths will
WEAR WELL,
HANG WELL,
LOOK WELL.
Will retain its shape, and will not crease like cotton or shoddy goods.

NO EXTRAS

During the Sale we are charging no Extras whatever, either for Style or Size. No matter how big or how tall you are, we will make you a Suit to Measure for

£3-0-0

(LESS THAN HALF THE USUAL PRICE.)

If you prefer, you can send us, instead of the Measure Form, an old well-fitting suit, and we will undertake to copy this exactly.

These suits can also be ordered by a personal visit at any of the following branches :—

Head Office Depot : 70 and 72, City Road, London, E.C.

West End : *107, Strand, W.C. 158, Strand, W.C. 112, New Oxford St., W.C. 28 & 29, Chancery Lane, W.C. 58, Southampton Row, W.C. *13, Old Compton Street, W.
Deptford: *Chesham House, Broadway
Woolwich : *58, Powis Street, and *43, Hare Street.
Forest Gate : *39, Woodgrange Road.
Shoreditch : *185 and 187, Old Street, E.
Euston : *13, Hampstead Road.
Poplar : *263, East India Dock Rd.
East Ham: *44, High Street North.
Finchley: *13, King's Parade, Church End.
Kingston-on-Thames : *27, Market Pl.
City : *34, Liverpool Street, E.C. 103, Finsbury Pavement, E.C. 16, Ludgate Hill, E.C. 16, The Arcade, Liverpool Street Station (Met.), E.C. 76, Aldersgate Street, E.C. 115, Fleet Street, E.C.
Richmond & Twickenham : *354, Richmond Road (near Richmond Bridge).
Sutton (Surrey) : *129, High Street.
Grays (Essex) : *71-73, High Street.
Southend-on-Sea : *58, High Street.
Westcliff-on-Sea : *Hamlet Court Road.
Coventry : *High Street (adjoining Lloyds Bank).

Those starred (*) are open until 8 p.m. or 9 p.m. on Saturdays. The others close early on Saturdays, but are open until late other days.

All Wool Scotch Cheviot AUTUMN or WINTER OVERCOATS to MEASURE for £3-0-0. We are also offering the above in a range of Grey Cheviots, bearing the same mark, and guaranteed to be equal in wear to Coats at 26 6s. 0d.

SPECIAL OFFER

Of an All-Wool Indigo-Dyed Blue Solid Worsted Serge Suit TO MEASURE for £3 10s. 0d. Colour guaranteed fast for 2 YEARS against Sun, Sea, and Air, failing which any Garment will be replaced Free of Charge.
Such an unqualified Guarantee has never before been made — even with Suits sold at £10 10s. 0d.

CURZON BROS., LTD.

THE WORLD'S MEASURE TAILORS,
(Dept. J.B.), 70 & 72, CITY ROAD, LONDON, E.C.1

FILL IN THIS COUPON.

To CURZON BROS., LTD.,
THE WORLD'S MEASURE TAILORS,
70 AND 72, CITY ROAD, LONDON, E.C.1.

Please send me free of all charge the patterns of suitings as above described, together with self-measure form, fashion book, etc. This entails no obligation on me, but if I order, it will be on your guarantee and conditions in your advertisement.

NAME .....

ADDRESS .....

.....

PLOTTING RED REVOLUTION

Britain's Army of Bloodthirsty Anarchists

IT has often been said that anarchy and red revolution could never flourish in Great Britain, that her people are too loyal and level-headed ever to be swayed by extremist propaganda to the extent of taking up arms against established authority.

Nevertheless, ever since the Armistice the seeds of rebellion have been diligently sown in this country by agents of the defeated Central Powers, and it may surprise many to learn that at the present moment determined efforts are being made to create and equip a Red Revolutionary Army for the purpose of overthrowing the Throne and setting up a Communist Reign of Terror.

On almost any Sunday afternoon, in Trafalgar Square, under the Reformers' Tree in Hyde Park, or in any other of the open spaces where disruptive demagogues are unaccountably allowed to preach their poisonous doctrines, it is no uncommon thing to hear a red-cravated agitator sneeringly refer to "the King quaking on his Throne."

What is more, it is becoming increasingly common to overhear an apparently respectable working man, among a group of cronies in a public bar or at a street corner, meet any allusion to the Throne with some such expression as "The King! Pooh! There won't be any King in England in another five years' time!"

These facts point to the disturbing effect of the insidious inflammatory propaganda which has been allowed to be carried on unchecked.

Soon after the Armistice an attempt was made to enrol dissatisfied ex-Service men as the nucleus of a Red Revolutionary Army. For nearly two years this seditious movement masqueraded under the name, first of the National Union of ex-Service Men and later of the International Union, secretly affiliated to the German ex-Service organisation. A great deal of money was obtained from mysterious sources, and a certain Austrian was prominent among the foreign element which covertly encouraged the movement. Upwards of 120 branches were formed, with a total membership of over 300,000.

Though the organisation came to an abrupt end, most of its members joined the Communist Party, which is openly hostile to the British Throne and Government, and would stick at nothing to bring about "red ruin and the breaking up of laws."

We do not suggest that this Red Army could bring about a revolution in Great Britain, but its activities are a serious menace to law and order, and it were well that they should be curtailed.

LURES FOR THE LONELY

League that Trades in Dubious Friendship

IMPUDENCE is a natural gift with most mountebanks, but it takes a real past-master of the art of audacity to rise to the height of Arthur Hillcoat, the self-styled Secretary of the so-called "Lonely Men and Women's League," to whose activities we have more than once referred under the heading "Lures for the Lonely."

Not long ago we were favoured with a visit from a person who described himself as a friend of Hillcoat's, and claimed to have known him for many years as an honourable and upright citizen. He represented to us that our references to the "League" had done a very great deal of harm to a most worthy man who was struggling hard to earn an honest living.

We were assured that his post-bag had sagged badly, and that such letters as reached him were delivered with a snigger and a sneer by the postman; that passers-by turned contemptuously to look at the house; that his business was practically ruined and his living gone, and, finally, that Hillcoat was lying seriously ill, almost at death's door in fact, as a result of the worry and anxiety which we had caused him.

We listened with becoming gravity and patience to this pathetic recital of his woes, but decided that the case was not exactly one to evoke sympathy or charitable assistance, though it was doubtless excellent as a testimonial to our influence.

Whatever the ailment that was supposed to be grinding Hillcoat into the grave, he made a rapid recovery, and seems to have lost none of his audacity, for we find him still advertising and sending out his circulars asking for a modest 3s. 6d. for the "Name, Address, Photo and Particulars of a Lonely Young Lady or Gent," covered by the following illiterate communication:

44 Kennington Rd, London, S.E.1.

Dear Sir, Excuse delay, I have been on Holidays for 8 days. Should you have seen an Article in John Bull paper about 6 weeks ago Take No Notice—We all know what this paper is, it runs down anybody just to sell the paper it runs down the Captain of Police, as well as me But he takes not notice, the notice Brought me in 100 extra letters, so that it did me some good as an Ad for me,

I conduct this Business Strictly Straight and Honest, and I do nothing that will get Me or anyone else into trouble,

Tell me what you would like and I will do my Best for You,

I Am Yours Faithfully A. Hillcoat.

We can only repeat that his business is a pernicious, parasitic trade which should be suppressed without further delay.

The Weather and Advertising

by H. E. WHITE.

TO say that the clerk of the weather is the greatest Ad. man of modern (and ancient) times is not far off the mark.

Be it too wet, too fine or even mixed or middling he is sure of half a column or so in every important "daily" in the Kingdom.

He is *the* Showman.

On a fine sunny afternoon he will suddenly let loose a shower of rain or hail to let us know that sunshine is not the only commodity in his line, or—and this is his salesmanship—he will give us a long unbroken spell of fine, or wet, simply to make us long for something else.

If he could but transfer his activities to British Trade Unlimited he would, at the present time, be a priceless asset to the old and stable firm.

His one failing is, of course, he cannot guarantee any particular brand to order. All goods advertised in JOHN BULL are covered by our guarantee.

The Shop Window

BLACK CAT will send to any of our readers five free coupons, which will help toward the number required in exchange for some really useful gift.

Lauder's Testimonial.

Despite the fact that this is supposed to be the dullest season in the year in the tailoring business, S. A. Barry & Co., are working nearly to full capacity. Sir Harry Laud, erwho is having a splendid reception in Edinburgh, has just sent a young Londoner to them with a letter asking them to supply his friend with clothes as good as those he obtained from them himself.

Boots by Post.

Selwyn's, who advertise boots and shoes by post, have built up an enormous business. They offer good value in ladies' and gentlemen's boots and shoes at extremely moderate prices.

Cheap Hose.

Many business opportunities are offered in our "Small Ads. Worth Watching." For instance, Langford's sell three pairs of excellent ladies' stockings at 6s. 9d., or three pairs of better quality hose at 0s. 6d. post free. Excellent value.

All Wool.

The Scottish Woollen Manufacturers put a thistle brand on their cloths to prevent shoddy substitution. Several tailors advertise their wares, and this week, Messrs. Curzon Bros., make a special offer in this connection.

Everybody's Pen.

Those readers who have not got their JOHN BULL Pens should make a point of cutting out the Coupon from the adjoining column. Seven of these Coupons and a Postal Order for 2s. will bring to you a Standard Model.

The JOHN BULL Guarantee makes purchase by post safe and easy. Read it carefully; it is at the top of page 3.

JOHN BULL'S LETTER BAG

(*Continued from page 24.*)

M. (Glastonbury).—"They may suit some people, but to my mind Greek plays are morbid." We are writing to Mr. Sophocles about it.

JILL (Taunton).—"Is there a place in the world where to go to the west is to go to the east?" Yes. Vancouver and other towns on the Pacific Slope. You have to go west to get to the east.

BAKER (Shoreditch).—"Bread nowadays shows no profit to the baker." Are we supposed to believe that bakers are philanthropists?

TIRED OF LIFE (Newport).—"I want to find a country where a man can get away from women." Hail! Robinson Crusoe!

MODESTY (Nottingham).—"I don't agree that people should kiss before they are engaged." Then you must find a new way of getting engaged.

GOLFER (Hove).—"There is no doubt golf is a great expense." Not if you keep to the links.

M. B. R. (Twickenham).—"Why do men sing in their baths?" Because the sound of the water prevents their hearing how rotten their voices are.

AMITY (Chelsea).—"A man should give his wife his undivided attention." But not his undivided salary.

SHOCKED (Ilfracombe).—"I can't tell you how the morals of seaside places distress me." We gather that from your letter.

EROS (Doncaster).—"When will the Irish trouble be over?" Why worry about a few decades? It's been running now for centuries.

HEREWARD (Liverpool). — "Congratulations on your courage." Many thanks; but why not tell your friends about us?

(*Many replies unavoidably held over.*)

The most wonderful Pen offer in the world.

JOHN BULL

Pen Coupon Value 2d.

By sending this Coupon with P.O. for 2/- and 2d. stamps for postage, the holder is entitled to receive a JOHN BULL Gold-Nibbed Fountain Pen, STANDARD MODEL. Additional Coupons up to six from JOHN BULL, any dates, may be saved and used in part payment, each counting as 2d. off the price. Thus you may send seven Coupons and P.O. for 2/- only and 2d. stamps for postage.

DE LUXE MODEL 1/3 extra

Address: PEN DEPT. "JOHN BULL," LONG ACRE, LONDON, W.C.2.

P.O.s should be made payable to JOHN BULL and crossed & CO.

N.B.—State whether you prefer a Fine, Medium or Broad Nib. J.B. 26.8.22

Lucky Thirteen

It is not everyone who would choose the 13th day of the month for starting a holiday, but Mr. G. B. Sheppard, of 4, Branksome Road, Wimbledon, did so with confidence after winning the First Prize of £250 in "Bullets" Competition No. 455.

He says: "As I am going on my holidays on Sunday, the 13th, it comes as a fine surety for a glorious time, with a big bit to put away when I return."

The First Prize of £1,000 which we are offering this week will ensure a fine holiday, regardless of expense, for somebody, with a very big bit left over. That somebody may well be you, if you have wit and wisdom enough to hit the bull's-eye with your "Bullet."

Take a fine sight at once.

Even if you do not hit the £1,000 mark, there are the second and third prizes of £100 and £50, and 1,170 other cash prizes aggregating £250, besides 2,000 books and 3,000 "target" prizes.

The Latest Seaside Amusement

CATCHING THE EYE OF THE "JOHN BULL" MAN

DOUGLAS AND HASTINGS NEXT.

Carry Your JOHN BULL *with You!*

The JOHN BULL Man travels far afield in order to give readers in all parts an opportunity to share in his wonderful gifts. He will be in Douglas, Isle of Man, on Saturday, August 26th, after which he pays a return visit to Hastings on Thursday, August 31st. The farther afield he goes, the faster does the fun wax. In fact, so clever have JOHN BULL readers become in the art of coaxing a present out of the JOHN BULL Man that it is sometimes difficult to decide upon the prize-winners. They all want, of course, that *Special* prize, the silver-plated Tea and Coffee Set, although the many other prizes—silver chain bags, dressing cases, automatic fans, etc.—all come in for their share of praise. To readers in Douglas and Hastings we again say: "Carry your JOHN BULL with you," "Catch the Eye of the JOHN BULL Man."

CLACTON PRIZE-WINNERS.

The following were the chief prize-winners at Clacton, who displayed great ingenuity in attracting the attention of the JOHN BULL Man. SPECIAL PRIZE (Handsome Silver-plated Tea and Coffee Set): Mr. and Mrs. Wilston, Central Hotel, Clacton. FIRST LADY'S PRIZE (Silver Chain-Bag): Mrs. C. H. L. Drought. FIRST GENT'S PRIZE (Dressing Case): Claude B. PRATT, 109, Cricklewood Lane, London, N.W.2.

☞ SPECIAL NEWSAGENTS' PRIZES:—Cheques for £10, £5, and £2 respectively will be paid to the newsagents from whom the winners of the three chief "Bullets" Prizes in Competition No. 456 have purchased their copies of JOHN BULL.

☞ The original Cheque for £250 awarded to the First Prize-Winner in "Bullets" Competition No. 455 can now be seen in the window of Mr. Pearce, Newsagent, Kingston Road, S.W. 19.

2nd PRIZE £100
10 PRIZES £5
50 PRIZES 10/-
1,000 PRIZES 26

"BULLETS" 1ST PRIZE £1,000

BEST LITERARY SKILL COMPETITION

2,000 POPULAR NOVELS

3rd PRIZE £50
10 PRIZES £2.10
100 PRIZES 5/-
3,000 Target Prizes

LIST OF EXAMPLES FOR "BULLETS" COMPETITION NO. 458.

ENGLAND AND FRANCE
OUR AEROPLANES
THE NEXT GENERATION
AFTER YOU
UP TO MISCHIEF
FOOTBALL
BACK TO WORK
SEA BREEZES
FIT FOR HEROES
UNCLE SAM
AT THE LABOUR EXCHANGE
ON THE WING
LIFE'S JOURNEY
LONDON POLICEMAN
HEALTH AND WEALTH
PUSSYFOOT
A THICK SKIN
A DIPLOMAT
SAD BUT TRUE
DRINKING WATER
WINTER AND SUMMER
GAS
ON PLEASURE BENT
PRODIGAL SON
AT THE WASHTUB
MODERN BURGLAR
AFTER MY HOLIDAY
ONE IN A MILLION
LANDLADY'S CAT
ROUND FLAPPER'S NECK
A TWISTER
HONOURS AND TRICKS
PLEADING POVERTY
A GOOD RIDDANCE
GAMES FOR GIRLS
IN DREAMLAND
A REAL SPORT
MAKES WIFE SIT UP
TONS OF MONEY
THE HAPPY MEAN

"BULLETS" RULES.

1. The First Prize will be awarded for what, in the opinion of the Judges in consultation with the Editor, is the best "Bullet" received, and the other prizes in order of merit, the test being cleverness, aptness, and originality.

2. Bullets must be plainly written on one of the coupons, and only two attempts may be written on each coupon.

3. All four coupons may be used, and a postal order enclosed at the rate of 6d. for each coupon made use of, which must be made payable to JOHN BULL and crossed & Co. Competitors must write their names and addresses and the date of sending the order on the back of the postal order, the number of which must be duly noted on each coupon submitted. Coupons must not be mutilated.

4. All coupons arriving too late to be judged with absolute thoroughness will be duly returned.

5. The Editor undertakes that every "Bullet" received shall have careful consideration by a competent staff of qualified judges.

6. The Editor's decision on any matter of dispute arising in connection with this competition must be accepted as final and legally binding in all respects, and acceptance of this rule is an express condition of entry.

"BULLETS" MADE EASIER—NO LETTER RESTRICTIONS.

All you have to do is to choose any of the Forty examples given. Then give any Two, Three, or Four words having some bearing on the example chosen. The Two, Three, or Four words you give can EACH begin with any letter in the alphabet. This example will guide you: Example:—A BARGAIN. Bullet: WIFE THINKS UNTIL LATER. The entry fee for one coupon is 6d. If sending more than one, enclose a postal order at the rate of 6d. for each coupon made use of.

No.____ Closing Date, Thursday, September 7.
Example_____
Bullet_____
Example_____
Bullet_____
(458) P.O. No._____
I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced on this page. With 1 coupon, send P.O. for 6d.
Signed_____
Address_____

☞ If unable to secure extra coupons you can write your "Bullets" on plain paper

No.____ Closing Date, Thursday, September 7.
Example_____
Bullet_____
Example_____
Bullet_____
(458) P.O. No._____
I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced on this page. With 2 coupons, send P.O. for 1s.
Signed_____
Address_____

Envelopes should be marked "Bullets" No. 458. "John Bull," Long Acre, London, W.C.2

No.____ Closing Date, Thursday, September 7.
Example_____
Bullet_____
Example_____
Bullet_____
(458) P.O. No._____
I agree to enter this competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced on this page. With 3 coupons, send P.O. for 1s. 6d.
Signed_____
Address_____

No.____ Closing Date, Thursday, September 7.
Example_____
Bullet_____
Example_____
Bullet_____
(458) P.O. No._____
I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced on this page. With 4 coupons, send P.O. for 2s.
Signed_____
Address_____

SELECTION OF EXAMPLES FOR "BULLETS" COMPETITION No. 458.

EVERY FLAPPER WANTS—RAINY DAY—FINGER IN PIE—STAGE STRUCK—NEVER SLEEPS—LITTLE BUT GOOD—LAME DOG—GADDING—HOLD FAST—WHY HUBBY LEFT HOME—RASH ACT—WATCHING THE CLOCK—WHAT A FAL—OLD AND NEW—DOING EUROPE—LAST NIGHT—IN THE PRESS—BIG BABY—HARD AND SOFT—HAVING ANOTHER

These examples can be made use of on the Coupons above, and must reach us on or before THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 14th. All Coupons so used MUST be marked clearly with the number 458 in the top left-hand corner, and envelopes containing these Coupons must be addressed "Bullets" No. 458, JOHN BULL, Long Acre, London, W.C. Such Coupons must not contain any of the Forty Examples for Competition No. 458.

RESULT OF COMPETITION NO. 456 ("BULLETS" £500 OFFER) WILL BE PUBLISHED IN NEXT WEEK'S ISSUE.

"Touring Texas with a buggy-load of Commercial Whited-Sepulchres"

"STEVE set about selling in caressing tones like Cleopatra giving Anthony the 'come hither.' Uncle Steve could no more be kept from selling things than a negro revivalist preacher from mixing up heaven and hen roosts. What did he sell? Most everything. Lasts and lollipops, pianos and powder puffs, baked beans and barometers . . . ."

Huckabee's way of describing his uncle's remarkable powers of salesmanship forms the subject of quite the funniest story in the "PASSING SHOW" Summer Number. Don't miss it.

Meet "Huckabee" in the

PASSING SHOW

SUMMER NUMBER

Price 6d. *On Sale Everywhere.*

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THE RADIOPHONE MONTHLY FOR LISTENERS-IN

PUBLISHED THE 15TH OF EACH MONTH

ONE SHILLING

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This Offer expires Monday, September 4th.

1/- FREE GIFT COUPON

JOHN BULL'S Insurance Claims have now passed the thousand mark, and to commemorate the occasion we are presenting FREE, to registered readers only, an 1/- FREE GIFT PEN COUPON. This entitles you to any of the pens illustrated at One Shilling less than the usual price, viz.:—

No. 1. "STANDARD" Model; thoroughly useful, worth 2/6. Price 2/-; with coupon, 1/-

No. 2. "DE LUXE" Model; handsomely chased. Price 4/6; with coupon 3/6.

No. 3. "SAFETY" Model, can be carried in any position. Price 4/-; with coupon, 2/-.

No. 4. "LEVER SELF-FILLING" Model, lever self-filling device, never ooze; worth 17/6. Price 6/6; with coupon, 5/6.

All the above fitted with 14 ct. solid gold nibs, rhodium tipped.

No. 5. STYLO. Equal to any on the market. Price 2/6; with coupon, 2/6

State whether fine, medium or broad nib is required.

If you have not yet registered do so now, enclosing gift coupon along with your registration form. Readers already registered should, if possible, quote registration number.

1/- FREE GIFT COUPON to Registered Readers.

This Coupon is worth One Shilling and will be accepted in part payment of any pen listed above. If already registered quote registration number if possible.

Address: Pen Dept., JOHN BULL, Long Acre, London, W.C.

Forms on page 2. **Register Now!**

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